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# THE RADICAL

Published Monthly.

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# THE RADICAL.

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JUNE, 1870.

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## WHAT IS RELIGION, AND WHAT IS IT FOR?

WE put the old question once more, and in its most searching form, being well persuaded that they who put the question with any depth of earnestness in our generation put it thus. There are those who never put it who accept it as a question long ago propounded and answered, and are therefore solicitous merely in regard to the accurate definition of some of the terms employed in the answer. With a show of diligence, they inquire what is Romanism or Anglicanism, what is Lutheranism, Calvinism, Armenianism, Unitarianism, Mormonism; why people believe in Trinity or disbelieve in it,—what advantage there is in Universalism,—to what purpose men join the Methodists, the Baptists, or the Presbyterians. But earnest seekers push the quest much further. There is, no doubt, a great desire to get at the meaning of the word "Religion;" and in instances not a few the desire springs from a suspicion that the word has no valid meaning that can be stated; that the thing it describes has in process of time been divested of significance; that, to speak the thought bluntly, religion is no longer

of vital, practical, daily use to anybody. They who entertain this suspicion are not the uneducated, the shallow, the foolish, the light-minded or the evil-minded. They are not materialists or sensualists. They are, many of them, the very best of men and women ; most of them are thoughtful ; some of them are cultivated. Among them are scholars, reformers, philanthropists, men distinguished in science, letters, the arts, business men of large capacity, managers of important affairs in the several departments of active life.

These, and such as these, are coming to think that Religion has been superseded by other powers that will do the work she undertook better than she ever did it, and will undertake other tasks that she scarcely more than referred to. We live this day in a world of urgent business which makes demands on our whole time and capacity. We must get bread for ourselves and our families. We must make homes and maintain them. We must feed, clothe, educate our children. We must master to some degree the problems of existence, political, social, financial, industrial, personal. We have started a new theory of the state, which renders it necessary that the every-day people shall make the working of every-day affairs their immediate concern, and there is enough and more than enough for us to do. We have no time to speculate on the attributes of God, when the pressing need is to get at the secret of his living laws. A future state of existence can claim but a small share of interest from people who are worked almost to death in the effort to make the present state of existence tolerable. We must take God for granted, and wait for the next life to come when and as it will. One thing is certain : we must understand the cosmical God before we can understand the absolute ; we must make the most of the years, if we are to enjoy the eternities ; we must accept the world as it is, and make the most of the occasion. Let science interpret it ; let wealth enrich it ; let art beautify it ; let literature lend attraction to it ; let enterprise develop its resources : and, having done so much, let us be content. For "God," read "Natural Law ;" for "Christ," read "humanity ;" for "atonement," "social order ;" for "heaven and hell," "happiness and misery ;" for "salvation," "health." Leave religion to

the ministers of religion, and leave the ministers of religion to themselves.

Such is a prevalent state of feeling, and it is a state of feeling that should not awaken the least surprise. For it must be confessed that, as generally interpreted, religion is a matter of words and definitions, a war of conjectures in which the victories are very few, and seemingly very barren. It would not be easy to tell in what respect mankind have been benefited by the discussions in theology or the controversies among the sects. There is profound significance in themes like Trinity and Unity, Deity or Humanity of Christ, Atonement, Predestination, and the rest. They interest, always have interested, and always will interest the philosophic mind ; but we cannot wonder that practical men fail to appreciate their character or their reach.

Again, instituted religion is exceedingly disappointing. Wherein, men ask, is the world the better for its costly churches, its solemn Sabbaths, its liturgies and confessions, its sacraments and its meeting-goings? Is the connection between religious observance and honest living, between preaching and practice, between pious and human services so close that one always or commonly or frequently precedes or follows the other? Is not religion, as vulgarly understood, associated with indifference, negligence, hollowness, hypocrisy? Is it not set up as a separate interest damaging rather than otherwise to what sensible folks in these days mean by interests? Does not the "man of the world," in the good sense, look askance at the technically religious man, as being one he hesitates to trust?

But over and above all this, the evils of misdirected and excessive religion have become so glaring that sensible men and women raise the question whether no religion at all would not be better than the sectarianism, denominationalism, credulity, superstition, which passes for religion. When the pastor of a very large and wealthy congregation excuses himself from lending sympathy or aid to a class of working-men in a severe emergency, on the ground that all the efforts of himself and his church were required by the denomination to which they belonged, it is natural to doubt the expediency of letting a denomination stand directly in the way of civilization. If problems so

vital as those of labor, are to be postponed by some thousands or tens of thousands of people until sectarian interests are satisfied, it is time to consider the expediency of reducing the sectarian interests to the lowest point.

When, as was recently the case in England, the clergy call on the people of the realm to fall down on their knees and confess their sins as the only sure way of staying the cattle plague, which was unquestionably a judgment on them for their long neglect of heaven, the common sense mind will suggest that the maintenance of such a clergy is hardly worth while any more; that no amount of piety will compensate for idiocy and ruin combined; that a grain of knowledge is worth more than a ton of superstition; and that, if the grain of knowledge is hid beneath the ton of superstition, it will be cheaply secured at the expense of carting the super-incumbent mass into the sea.

In a population of a little more than three millions inhabiting the Papal States, there are but about two hundred and sixty thousand working-men, and something like eighty-five thousand people occupied in trade, finance, and general business. So said Edmund About ten years ago. At this time the city of Rome, with a population of two hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred and seventy eight, contained twenty-nine cardinals, twenty-eight patriarchs, bishops, and archbishops, thirteen hundred and seventy-two priests and prelates, twenty-nine hundred and forty-seven monks, twenty-one hundred and ninety-one nuns. In New York, there are three times as many physicians as clergymen, and three times as many lawyers; there are fourteen times as many shoemakers, twenty-two times as many dressmakers, twenty-two times as many tailors, and twice as many barbers. Rome is a religious city. "The vicar of Christ" lives and has supreme authority there. The city is governed by inspiration. The laws are made by priests, priests are set to their execution. Religion is the business of the people. The churches are continually open; the air is musical with bells. Religion takes great spaces of time from the year for pious exercises. The seasons are known by their ecclesiastical associations. Every day is a saint's day, and, as the saints are more numerous than the days, the less important ones are massed

together. Now the city of Rome is one of the worst governed cities on the whole earth. The people are poor, squalid, dirty, lazy, ignorant, credulous, unintelligent, superstitious as children, intellectually and morally quite inane. There are no secular schools worth mentioning. There is no popular education. Provision for public health is shamefully neglected. The prisons are foul. There is nothing that deserves to be called a police force. The administration of justice is a farce and a caricature. Crime goes unpunished unless the priests suffer from it. Theft, cheating, lying, are vices most familiar and venial. The better portion of the inhabitants have no social or moral influence over the worse portion. The administration of the city of New York, where religion makes the smallest figure, is admirable as compared with that of Rome, where religion makes all the figure that is made. Is it any marvel that practical men, seeing this astounding result of religion in excess, decide that no religion at all would be more profitable? Better no Sabbaths than a Sabbath every day. Better no churches than every other building a church. Better a decent country village than a heavenly Jerusalem full of beggars and disease. We must begin at the beginning or we shall never reach the end.

Now it is not my intention to adjudge the cause between no religion and too much religion, between atheism and pantheism, between China and the Papal States, Pekin and Rome. My purpose is to inquire what wholesome, genuine religion is, and what is its significance to mankind.

There are three definitions of religion, each derived from a Latin word. First we have *relegere*, to repeat, to travel over and over again, to rehearse, review, re-tread. This is the Romanist, or, more strictly speaking, the Italian definition. It imports that religion is a thing of tradition, an arrangement of formulas, a set of rules and ceremonies to be traversed patiently by the obsequious mind. Lacking wholly the element of spontaneity, being quite destitute of philosophic or poetic quality, possessing no speculative characteristic, it is a simple repetition of words, a telling of beads, a chanting or recitation of litanies, an orderly succession of observances, each prescribed by authority and supposed to possess a charm which is appropriated by

the diligent repeater. According to this definition religion tends more and more to become a process of routine little interesting to any active faculty. Such religion certainly was in ancient Italy; and such it is in modern Italy, and wherever the genius of modern Italy prevails.

2. Another derivation of the word "religion," more common, and to most more intelligible, associates it with *religare*, to bind, to bind closely, to bind back or reunite what had been sundered. This may be not improperly called the Protestant definition. It supposes a breach between mankind and God; an alienated, abandoned, depraved, or lost race. Protestantism speaks of its articles of belief, its saving articles, as "tenets," clamps, from *tenere*, to hold: by faith in these men are saved; by faith they bind themselves to Christ, clinging to the cross of the Saviour. A familiar print in the shop windows illustrates the idea. In mid ocean a rock projects above the waves; the rock is the basis for a stone cross: a woman, in her despair, tossed by the wild waters, clasps the symbol. The print is wretched in conception and execution. The situation is an absolutely impossible one; but it expresses the Protestant idea of religion, as the power that rescues those that unreservedly surrender themselves. The bond is supposed to be vital, but precarious. The least movement of wit weakens it; the lightest vibration of the thinking mind may fatally break it.

3. But the word *religare* means also to *un*bind; the particle *re*, like the prefix *un* in English, having a neutralizing or dissolving significance. By this definition, as Henry James suggests, religion is the spirit that loosens, the emancipating spirit, the spirit of freedom, delivering all those who are in bondage,—the bondage of nature, of prejudice, of moral infirmity, of spiritual pride and sufficiency, of evil inclination, harsh bigotries and cramping fears. This is the philosophical view of religion. The "Free Religionist" rejoices in it, for it takes religion at once beyond the range of sects, particularities, dogmas, partisan churches, national establishments, special faiths of climes and ages, and makes Religion in the singular of infinitely deeper moment than any religions or forms of religion, whether Christian or other.

Religion is the power that humanizes. Not the only one, by any means ; for whatever enlarges the spirit of man's relations does that. Philosophy is a powerful emancipator, but, as it exercises its function in the realm of pure intelligence, it performs its high office for a comparatively small number of people. The great multitude, who are instinctive, sentimental, passionate, are quite out of its reach.

To ethics belongs a very important duty, as the agent in establishing just relations between orders and classes of men,—in toning up the moral sense, and lifting men out of their animal conditions. But ethics too must become systematic in order to become effective ; and, to become systematic, they must become scientific. The impulsive conscientiousness which undertakes to right the world, being, from the nature of the case, wayward, impetuous, wilful and disorganized, exerts no steady influence. Its conflicting movements defeat themselves and lead to no result. Conscience, as it is called, as much as anything else, requires enlightenment and discipline, and these come only in consequence of such reflection as none but cultivated or highly endowed minds can give.

Art is a sweet minister of reconciliation. But art performs its ministry through the esthetic faculty, which is crudely developed, and, well developed, is too delicate to grapple with the rough elements that tear society to pieces. Art may polish, but cannot be depended on to regenerate. Art has been a powerful ally of religion in past ages, and will be a useful friend to it in ages to come ; but it requires to be perpetually animated by a spirit deeper than the esthetic ; if it is not, the beauty it depicts becomes sensuous, and the influence it exerts tells in the direction of artificial taste.

It may be said that literature is a power of deliverance from the thralldom of the lower propensities. So it is ; but the literary class in any community is never large.

Who can doubt that industry, according to its dignity, and viewed in its nobler aspects, loosens the bonds that hold men down to their organic conditions ? Is not commerce a mediator, reconciler, pacificator, a remover of barriers, an equalizer of circumstances, and so a redeemer ? Does not trade tend to



harmonize interests? Does not labor call out feelings of mutual dependence, and lay down principles of common responsibility? There is no kind of activity that does not bring men together. Every sort of intelligent endeavor stimulates intelligence and pushes the man onward a little way towards a rational state of being. But this impulse is very feeble and precarious.\* If the forces of civilization emancipate from thralldom of one kind, they menace a thralldom of another. If they deliver from the bondage of material circumstance, they impose a bondage of selfishness that is quite as hard to break through, and quite as harmful if not broken through. The industrial life, however largely interpreted, does not, unfortunately, involve to any considerable degree the higher moral sentiments or the finer reason. It makes no demands on the imagination, which is the highest rational faculty, and none on the sensibilities, which are the most delicate of the receptive powers. The reconciliation it effects is at the best prudential, a league for self-defense, a combination for gain, an insurance company, a co-operative association; and it does not always exhibit its capacity in forms so honorable and beneficent as these. We are driven back, therefore, upon religion as the most effectual, because the most universal and popular, the most welcome and irresistible emancipator of mankind.

It has been argued, it is argued by Etienne Vacherot, that religion, because it appeals to the sentimental nature, — reaching the imagination through visible or audible symbols, — belongs to the period of childhood, and with the period of childhood must pass away, to be succeeded by philosophy, which addresses itself directly to intelligence, and enunciates principles of truth. The statement may be accepted with qualifications. But passing over these for the present, and taking the statement broadly and literally, it may be doubted whether the ministry of religion is likely to be less efficacious or precious within any calculable space of time. Let Christianity be regarded as the faith of the world's childhood; so long as humanity continues in its childhood, it will think, feel, understand, worship, as a child. Vacherot himself confesses that the period of manly development has not come. He writes, —

"To-day, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the epoch of maturity is far from having dawned on modern society. What signifies philosophy, even in those great centres of light which we call Germany, France, England, Italy? What is it but a peculiarity, more and more generally shared, to be sure, but still a peculiarity which possesses no social authority and exercises no general influence over the practical intelligence of the masses of the people. Everywhere, even in the heart of modern civilization, society is controlled by religion, an unmistakable sign that mankind, notwithstanding its incessant progress, has not yet attained to its manly estate. Philosophy holds, and will long hold, an aristocratic place in human intelligence. Even among philosophers there are those who question if its sway is ever destined to be popular, who condemn the people to a perpetual infancy or an endless adolescence, and think that the average mind must always lie beneath the range of reason, judgment, and science."

It may safely be affirmed, then, that for a long time to come religion will have a mission, and a mission of great weight, to perform. Its mission is more circumscribed than that of philosophy; for the latter is the comprehensive term. Philosophy treats of the entire constitution of the mind, while religion is confined to one of its departments, — that, namely, of the sentiments. But this department predominates in the average development of mankind. Through the sentimental nature men are influenced, moved, and guided. Experience, thus far, has made it pretty evident that the sentiments of duty, love, fellowship, self-denial, devotion to ideal objects, have acted with commanding force in elevating mankind above their bestial condition, releasing them from the bondage of nature, and giving them the freedom that belongs to rational and social beings. And thus far these sentiments have been associated with religion, — religion, in fact, has claimed a monopoly of them, as being their author and their only sufficient preserver. This claim is, of course, extravagant. The sentiments in question belong to human nature, and are not so much the offspring of religion as the parents of it. It is true, however, that their association has been with religion almost exclusively; and,

although they would continue to live and work, even though what we call religion were abolished, though prayer ceased, and no lips spoke the name of God, and belief in another life passed away, and the distinction between divine and human were obliterated, still such a state of things is to most inconceivable. At present, and for many generations to come, religion will be held responsible for them, and they will be cultivated through religious institutions and forms which address themselves to the imagination. Though they are constituent portions of human nature, they require nurture beyond any others; and, in the actual incompleteness of scientific or philosophical methods, in the actual crudeness, we may call it, of human character, in the present purely experimental stage of society, it must devolve upon the power that works, on the sensibilities to keep these fine elements alive and alert.

Now religion is that power, and it has exerted probably more influence than everything beside to rescue undisciplined humanity from its various thralldoms.

As the emancipator from the dominion of passion it has eminently distinguished itself.

Take, for instance, this period, which covers so large a portion of each individual life, and which furnishes the purest illustration of bondage under nature. It is the period of youth, untaught, inexperienced, undisciplined,—the time when instinct is in the ascendant, and desire is ardent, and feeling gives character to every mental act. Senses are keen and there is no corrective for them. Love of pleasure is intense, and no other loves oppose it, restrict it, or modify it. The world is beautiful; existence is full of delight; impulse is eager; fancy is vivid; the blood is hot and high. At this period, the sense of personal responsibility is unborn; conscience is unawakened; the consequences of evil have not disclosed themselves; reflection is exceedingly weak, and of knowledge there is none. The larger part of mankind are frequently, and for long periods, if not habitually, in this condition. It is a condition very hard to reach. Philosophy tries its rational persuasions on it to no purpose. Science possesses for it no attractions. Knowledge has no charms. Virtue is hard, dry, repulsive. The grave

counsels of experienced wisdom are unheeded; serious advice is resented; solemn warnings fall on deaf ears; the examples of the well-behaved are either unnoticed, or are contemptuously put aside as inapplicable. Passion has a practical philosophy of its own with which it hoodwinks reason. It enlists wit in its service and acquires singular ingenuity in making the worse appear the better reason. As civilization becomes complicated, the means of gratification increase, temptations multiply, wealth leads to luxury, and luxury, while it makes sensuality refined, makes it insidious. The animal takes on a sleeker skin, acquires a shape more delicate and graceful, but retains all his bestial ferocity. The wolf Fenrir broke through the ropes and chains, but yielded to the unfelt pressure of invisible bands.

Religion approaches this condition in a guise not wholly unlike its own; at all events in a guise that catches its eye. It meets passion with passion, enthusiasm with enthusiasm, desire with desire, fancy with fancy, love with love, dream with dream. It confronts the fallen angel with the angel unfallen. Seeing that judgment is inoperative, it tries the power of painting. Instead of talking about the laws of retribution and recompense, it sets up pictures of hell and heaven sketched on so large a canvass and done in such strong colors that the least observing eye is struck by them. Instead of explaining man's ideal relations, and giving instruction respecting the spiritual laws, it describes the personal God,—creator, ruler, and providence. Definitions of right and wrong are tedious, the rationale of duty is wearisome to unfold; but conscience is an impressive figure, and religion makes the most of the internal witness and judge. All attempts to convey impressions of the reality, beauty, dignity and supreme worth of the interior spiritual or eternal life are futile; but the conception of a future, everlasting life may be made palpable and affecting to every grade of mind. If children prefer picture books to moral essays, picture books they must have, and religion undertakes to supply them. It paints things to the eye, to the ear, to the thought. Its creeds are paintings; its symbols and emblems are paintings; its very churches are representations in stone of spiritual ideas.

Religion surrounds man with an atmosphere of immortality.

In advance of physiology, it reminds him that his body is fearfully and wonderfully made, a building of God, a temple of the Holy Ghost, and then goes on to connect the sins against its health and beauty with the dim but powerful sentiments of awe and veneration.

That this method of religion is in all cases effective cannot, of course, be claimed. The actual condition of society proves how very far from universally effective it has been. But nothing else has been *so* effective. Indeed, we can hardly say with truth that anything else has been effective at all. If the power of passion is ever broken, it is by the power of another passion that the soul entertains. Nothing prevails over the infesting demon but the inspiring angel.

Turn from the bondage of passion to the opposite kind of bondage, that in which there is no passion at all, the peculiarity of which is an entire absence of passion, — the bondage of selfishness. This is felt in later life, when impulse declines and feeling is spent and enthusiasm is over. Then comes the hard spirit that grasps and holds and grudges to get as much as one can and give as little. To buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, to make others tributary, and to maintain a posture of non-committalism is, during this period, the accepted rule. Life is a severe education in shrewdness, calculation, economy, thrift. The sympathies contract within narrow circles; feelings respond slowly to calls of humanity; the affections confine themselves to the sphere of the household. We are on our guard against thieves and sharpers. Each man is against his neighbor. An incessant competition sharpens wit and blunts sensibility. Low estimates of character are common at this period. Habits of suspicion, distrust, jealousy, are formed. Generosity, confidence, disinterestedness, are reckoned among the illusions of youth.

This phase of experience is more discouraging than the other, for its characteristic is a conceit of knowledge that renders the mind inaccessible to the actions of ordinary motives. The avenues to the heart are all but closed; they are wholly closed to every spirit save this one which comes in the guise of religion; and this one, if it succeeds, does so by seizing strongly on the

imagination. Deliverance in this case comes through that sentiment of brotherhood by which religion anticipates the truths taught by modern sociability, and brings powerfully home to the feelings what these try to bring home to the intellect. In saying, as it always has said, "Ye are members one of another;" "Ye are fellow workers with God;" "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "Ye are all children of the Heavenly Father,"—religion calls up a picture of human brotherhood that is calculated to arouse emotion in minds of the utmost variety. It excites people to enthusiasms of pity, heroism, devotion, sacrifice. "No man liveth to himself and no man dyeth to himself." What chords of feeling and purpose those words will strike! The bare idea that all share one blood, one nature, one destiny; that all have the same needs, the same sorrows, and the same help; that for all alike is duty, responsibility, judgment; that all are mutually dependent for supplies of every kind; that all are needful to each one; that each one may serve all with his goods, his talents, his genius, is inspiring. There is a sense almost of immortality in the feeling that one is related so intimately to so many and is a sharer in so much life. There is sublimity in the thought, which is more mighty as a sentiment than as a thought, that one may be of use to so many, that his personality may be projected so far, that he may live over and over so many times. The pictures of dying Gods, angels descending from the skies in order to help mortals, heroes of celestial mould spending themselves for the vilest of the vile, sons of men coming not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give their lives a ransom for many, sons of God mounting on crosses to heaven, and earning crowns by laying down honors, have excited paroxysms of enthusiasm that have found vent in lives of philanthropic zeal. Even in whole orders of men and women consecrated to the welfare of their kind, service has become the chief title to honor, humiliation the immortalizing virtue. An enthusiasm of humanity has been born of this sentiment that has wrought wonders of beneficence in rude times when reasonable devices for doing good would have failed entirely to commend themselves. Even in our own calmer age, when social science arranges the methods of humanity, the religious senti-

ment supplies the motive and feeds the impulse. Political economy shows the path of deliverance, but religion persuades men to walk in it.

In rescuing men from their "bonds of affliction and iron," religion again displays its peculiar power. Sorrow is proverbially selfish. It beats men down; it shuts them in; it makes them indifferent to the world without. Sorrow is said to soften and humanize. I have seldom found it so. It lives in a very small universe, and it lives alone there, pitying itself, drawing its weeds about it, and suppressing the genial flow of life. The only outlook it gets is through the sentiment which prompts the heart to feel after other spheres of being. Religion lays hold of this, and by means of it opens the vistas of immortality, bids it trust its dearest hope and commit itself to its most ardent longing. It speaks of unbroken life, unlost qualities, homes re-united and treasures regained. It speaks to feeling words that never could be addressed to the understanding. In cooler hours the colors fade out from its gorgeous pictures, and the outlines become indistinct. But the hours of feeling are the hours of need, and to meet the hour of feeling is to meet the need. Very extravagant things are said to the afflicted in the name of religion. Promises are made which reason will not justify nor after-reflection approve. But desperate cases call for desperate remedies.

Other kinds of bondage there are that are more deadly than any of these; the bondage of pride for instance, the incarceration of moral conceit, the exclusiveness and isolation of inordinate virtue. The Pharisee never meets his match till he meets the saint. The philosopher does not touch him; the moralist aggravates his sin; the righteous reform but makes him better satisfied with himself. The Pharisee being a genuine product of legalism is invulnerable on the side of virtue. Virtue is his forte, his conscience is his crown; call for righteousness and he is your man. But show him a new heaven where none but the child-like are, and a new earth inhabited by the meek, and his castle tumbles down.

This, then, is the function of religion, — to give a new atmosphere, a clearer sunlight, a wider horizon-line, a warmer heaven,



a spiritual universe in which the mind can dwell freely. It is the inspirer of hope and endeavor. It encourages each person to be himself, opens the gates of opportunity and privilege, lets in the flood-tide of divine life, and floats the creature over his sand-bar into the infinite sea. The religion that does this best is the best religion. Every religion will do it for some; no religion will do it for all. We live on a round globe that spins on its own axis, and has an orbit that carries it out among the host of constellations. It has its poles and zones and climates. Do all men live near the equator? Do all hug the poles? Do all find health in the tropics or felicity in the temperate climes? The soul of man needs as many airs and atmospheres, as various degrees of heat and cold, moisture and dryness as his body, and his religions belt the orb he clings to.

There are those who find the needs of their humanity fully met in Romanism. It is the *tropical* faith, the religion of gorgeousness and luxury, sensuous and rich. It is useless to deny that under Romanism have grown up specimens of character as noble as we may reasonably expect to see; not a great many, perhaps, but a few. They did not succumb beneath the oppressions of the system. They did not feel painfully the weight of its authority, or the constraint of its dogma. The thought of its antiquity imparted a grandeur to their spiritual consciousness; its stories fed their imagination; its episcopal supremacy gave dignity to their conscience and stability to their trust; its immutable dogma shored up their convictions; and especially its vast brotherhood of ages and nations warmed their hearts, humanized their sympathies, and nourished all their feelings of love and duty. In the church that seems to us cramped and smothering, they had room enough for breath and motion. It left their nature free. A universal Romanism would be like a universal tropical climate, absolutely fatal to the development of human life. But splendid men and women have been nurtured in tropical climes.

To me Calvinism is utterly dreary and desolate, a system so repellant, so cruel, so discouraging, that it is a mystery that people can intelligently accept it or contentedly live under it. Yet they do. The points that are torturing-irons to me are

to them as the tips of angelic spears. The dogmas that to me would be a bed of thorns, to them are couches of down. The vicarious atonement pledges to them the love of God ; predestination makes them sure of glory ; election guarantees them bliss in heaven ; the divinity of Christ catches their natures up into the immortal world ; the doctrine of depravity puts their animal nature where it belongs, keeps them rooted in humanity and beautiful in aspiration. They do not feel my logical difficulties, my sentimental anguishes, or my moral recalitrations ; but go on leading lives of manly and womanly duty, amiable, sweet, patient, kind, courageous, pure, truthful, and self-denying ; hopeful of blessedness hereafter, but mindful of the necessity of making first a heaven here.

To such as these the faith of the Rationalists seems cheerless : a bleak, intellectual universe, crowded with shapes of doubt and fear ; no dying redeemer ; no living Christ ; no mediatorial church ; no saving sacraments ; no infallible Bible ; no inspired dogma ; no bliss as the reward of believing ! The spiritual world has vanished. But to the Rationalist this is all precisely as he would have it. This is what he needs. His mind is in its native element. Divine things come to him in the form that makes them quickening to his whole moral nature. The crisp air stimulates his lungs and makes the blood fly fast through his veins. He lives in a universe of light and love and joy. He needs the sense of freedom ; he cannot be happy unless he feels at liberty to expatiate at large in the world of ideas ; he cannot even be good if he does not feel emancipated from all arbitrary compulsion to obey.

But then Rationalism must produce these fine effects on its professors, or it is worthless as religion. It is no deep merit in a religion that it is logical, scientific, accurate in statement, accordant with exact knowledge, congruous with common sense, hospitable to the temporal interests of mankind. These qualities, however they may recommend a philosophy, add nothing to the character of a faith. The test of that is its power to give air, light, sustenance, to the soul. Any faith is justified that does this, though it were the faith of Buddha or of Islam.

No faith is justified that does it not, though it were the faith of Fenelon or Channing.

Of course, to the believer there must be no contradiction between thought and feeling. To him the faith he holds must be reasonable, whatever others may think of it. This is a condition of his surrendering himself to it. No religion will do the smallest good to him who regards it as absurd. But this condition is in most cases easily satisfied, somewhat too easily; for if a man's religion does honestly help him, he will very probably take its reasonableness for granted.

It is tolerably certain, that, for an indefinite period of time to come, men and women will crave some kind of religion. Man does not live by bread alone. Nothing lives by bread alone. Plants demand the airs of heaven. Trees waylay and arrest the ethereal currents as they flow. Animals show a capacity for kindness and thrive best when they can feel the influences of human affection. And as for men and women, they do not live at all until they live on faith, hope, and charity. What the rag-picker, with her bag of broken bits and her iron hook, whereby she fills it from the refuse barrels on the sidewalk, is to the gentlemen and ladies before whose houses she scratches, that, and even something less, is the creature who has no religion whatever to the rational being who has one. None of us eat as plentifully or as eagerly as we ought of the divine food that is stored up abundantly in the granaries of thought. In a rich, spiritual universe our souls go starving. Philosophy deplores our indifference to the nectar and ambrosia as deeply as religion does. But philosophy prepares her banquet and waits for her guests, demanding that none shall sit down to her feast save such as have on the wedding garment. Religion will not wait for her guests, but seeks them herself in the high-ways and by-ways, crying, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

## OVER THE BORDERS OF THE MATERIAL.

**S**WEDENBORG, in his "Animal Kingdom," distinctly states that his great object in the work was to discover the soul. He would begin in the study of grosser material forms and life, studying their anatomy, physiology, and manifestations, through the various ascending degrees to the next higher. This he proposed to continue through the whole animal kingdom, until he arrived at the most refined form, the most perfect manifestation of material life. At this higher degree, this upper border of the material, he hoped, he expected, to find the spiritual close adjoining, so that he could look over and discover the soul.

He then believed that the spiritual world of forms and life was not separate from the material one by what he calls a discrete degree, but by a continuous one. To express it in modern terms, he believed that the spiritual world was only a development from the material, the highest degree of the material and the lowest degree of the spiritual interblending, just as contiguous color bands do in the solar spectrum. If, therefore, one could arrive at the highest material degree, he would be close upon the lowest spiritual, — so near that he might study it in its forms and life.

After long years of patient study in this direction, he at length declares that he has failed; that his idea was false; that no one can ever succeed thus. Why? Because, he says, between the material world and spiritual is a discrete degree, not a continuous one; for the spiritual is not a development from the material: the relation between the highest material and the lowest spiritual is not such as that between two contiguous bands of light in a solar spectrum, but like that between water and oil. If this be true, then science, in this world, can never look over the borders of the material and discover anything of that which we call the spiritual.

It seems to us that modern science is slowly disproving

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Swedenborg's last conclusion, and affirming his earlier idea. Is not science obliterating the lines of demarcation between the mineral and vegetable and animal kingdoms? The prevailing "Development Theory" declares that the vegetable and animal kingdoms are not discrete creations, but only a lower and higher phase of organization and life in the same line of evolution, interblending at their borders.

It appears to us, also, that later scientific developments are obliterating the ecclesiastical line of demarcation between the material and spiritual worlds,—affirming that the spiritual degree of forms and life is only continuous, a development from the material. Already, we think, science is gathering data from which to construct a spiritual science. If this be true, we may hope that soon the spiritual world will become a reality to us through science, thus supplanting the ecclesiastical mythology of the other world, which has been so long the poor, unsatisfying food of people hungry to know of the hereafter.

What is the material world as we know it? Those forms and life which we come into a consciousness of through our five senses, we call material. If there are any forms and life that do not and cannot affect our organs of sensation,—eyes, ears, &c.,—because of their being too gross or too refined in their action to awaken consciousness, such are outside the borders of the material: we may call them subter or super-material. Now this definition is anything but exact, but we think to make it plainer by and by.

Let us look at it in a scientific way.

Natural science says, all that we see are forms and life that in their action affect or impress us as certain degrees of undulatory motion or pulse-beats. Thus this material world is made up of forms that have certain undulatory motions or pulse-beats per second. All that we see is included within a certain scale,—the chromatic scale of motion. We see the tree or man, because their bodies or action affect us as a certain number of vibrations or beats upon our optic nerve per second, and this number is included in our chromatic scale. All forms that pulsate above this material scale are invisible, so all below invisible. What is this scale of vision which we call material? It is the solar spectrum.

All the material world is included between the extreme colors of the solar spectrum, red and violet ; i.e., any object or being to be seen by us must affect as the colors red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, or some compound of these. Now what do we mean by these colors ? They all stand for a certain number of beats or pulsations that strike upon the optic nerve per second. For instance, an object that gives off and impresses our eyes with four hundred and seventy-seven trillions of pulsations or beats per second, we call red.

Let me give the whole solar spectrum scale of undulations or pulsations per second as they strike upon the eye.

Four hundred and seventy-seven trillions of pulsations or beats striking the eye every second cause the sensation of red ; five hundred and six trillions, the sensation of orange ; five hundred and thirty-five trillions, the sensation of yellow ; five hundred and seventy-seven trillions, the sensation of green ; six hundred and twenty-two trillions, the sensation of blue ; six hundred and fifty-eight trillions, the sensation of indigo ; six hundred and ninety-nine trillions, the sensation of violet.

That we may see any form or object, therefore, it must send forth and impress our eyes with some number of vibrations or pulsations per second, included between the lowest red and the highest violet, or between the numbers four hundred and seventy-six trillions and seven hundred trillions. These, therefore, are the limits of our visible material world. Any form or object vibrating less than four hundred seventy-six trillions of times per second, or more than seven hundred trillions, would be invisible, therefore outside the material world, because too gross or too fine to affect the human optic nerve.

The same law obtains in the material world of sound. A certain number of atmospheric waves or vibrations striking upon our auditory nerve every second produces the sensation we call sound. There is an upper and lower limit to these sounds heard : thus, there may be vibrations in the atmosphere so slow, or striking upon the ear so few times in a second, as to cause no sensation of sound. There may be also so rapid, so many vibrations of the atmosphere, striking the ear in a second as to produce no sound to us.

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The material world of sounds is included within a certain scale. The song of many crickets is so shrill, so near the upper limit of material sound, as almost to be inaudible; pitched a little higher, their voices would be all unheard by human beings. A string also may be stretched so loosely as in its vibrations to give motions to the air so slow that they do not affect the auditory nerve.

What we call the material world, the one we see and hear, is therefore all included within certain scales or octaves of color and sound. Below and above there are, no doubt, many others, but we have hitherto considered them altogether outside the domain of human thought and investigation while remaining in the material body and conditions.

We have believed that science could never look over the borders into the super-material, or spiritual. Are we always to believe this? We think not. Is not science already entering upon the domain of the super-material, or spiritual.

We have said that there is a certain scale, including a fixed number of octaves of sound, apprehensible by the human ear. This includes the sounds of what we call the material world. There have ever been a few individuals, and their number is increasing, who could hear sounds, voices, altogether inaudible to the general ear. They apprehended these sounds, not through the material auditory nerve, for the material ear might be closed or destroyed, yet the voice or sound heard equally well. This class of people have received the name of clair-audients. They stand amongst us, who are deaf to the world they hear, reporters of voices and sounds outside our material world. Here is an opening field for science, to collect the facts and discover the method or principle of production, scientifically to translate to human understanding the facts of a super-material life.

The visual measure of the material world is the solar spectrum. In other words, all objects or beings that we see affect us as some color included between the lowest red and the highest violet. The question naturally arises, are there any objects or beings outside, above, or below these material limits? If so, can we ever gain any scientific knowledge of them so long as we remain in the material phase of existence? In the solar spec-



trum it has long been known that the different colors represent different properties or force; thus the red or orange colors or rays manifest the greatest heating properties or forces, while the indigo and violet produce the greatest chemical effects.

A solar spectrum being cast upon a plane surface, each color-band represents a certain number or division of light-vibrations or beats per second. Experimenting upon the different effects produced by different colors, it was discovered that the heating power increased in passing through the different bands from violet to red, while, chemical action increased in passing from red to violet. Why stop at the outer borders of the material solar spectrum? The scientist did not. He found that there were still greater heating forces or vibrations outside, below the lowest visible red. Above the violet was discovered almost another whole octave of vibrations or chemical forces, unseen, because the solar vibrations that produced the manifest chemical effects were too fine or rapid for the material eye to apprehend. Here, then, is another scale or octave of solar vibrations and colors above our material one, continuous from it, all unseen, yet distinctly manifest through chemical action. What is the natural inference? Is it not that there is a world of forms and life corresponding to this next higher octave of solar vibrations? .

What a small portion of that which we call space is occupied with visible forms and life! We do not believe it empty;—why may it not be occupied with objects and beings higher or lower in their action upon the visual sense than the material world so invisible to us, yet close around us. If, for instance, there should be a man born whose optic nerve was not only sensitive to vibrations or colors which our solar spectrum represents, but also to the next higher, of which we know only through its chemical action, would he not see a world of forms and life close around, all unseen by us? We think so. Reichenbach, in his experiments upon "odic" light, which is flaming outside our material solar spectrum, since it is invisible save to the clairvoyant, found that it acted chemically on delicately prepared plate. He could produce a picture in total darkness through the reflected action of this "odic" light upon a prepared plate ex-

posed to it. The chemical action of the lights represented by our solar spectrum reflected from a material body upon a prepared plate produces a picture of that body. Reichenbach discovered that he could produce pictures of material bodies by reflected "odic" light which is outside our octave of lights and colors: now, if there are objects and beings around us, corresponding to the next higher octave or spectrum of colors and vibrations, just as the material world of forms corresponds to the material solar spectrum, it is natural to suppose that those objects reflect their corresponding light, just as material objects do their corresponding material light. We have discovered and can use the invisible light and forces of this higher world in chemical action. Pictures of material bodies can be produced through its reflected action. If these higher invisible objects and beings reflect this, their corresponding light, why may not the scientist by and by discover how to prepare and condition a plate so as to catch the image, produce a picture to human eyes of now invisible objects and beings? This is one of the possible steps of science we believe: here is where we think science is already looking over the borders of the material, into that great outlying world. Thus may science by and by translate to us, still abiding in the material, the facts of that life bordering close upon us which we call the spiritual. Already we use forces outside the material, as we have seen in the chemical action of vibrations or lights above, outside the solar spectrum. Who shall set bounds to this outward and onward movement? The church, or any new religious sect, so soon chain themselves to the dry dock of their creed or institution, that we have ceased to hope for new discoveries from them. They even despise and persecute those who would sail boldly out to discover new ports, new continents, of life. Does one of these free, spiritual adventurers return from a voyage of discovery and declare that he has discovered lands not laid down in the church chart of revelation—he very likely gets crucified as a madman, a dangerous fellow. We hope little from the church, therefore, in the line of discovery.

In science, however, there is an eternal outlook and promise of new and better things. We look to science to reveal to

mankind the presence and reality of invisible worlds and life. We think she is already gathering data for such a revelation. Real religion always precedes science. The prophet outruns the scientist just as faith transcends reason. What the prophet and poet affirms to the faith of mankind in one age, the scientist confirms to the understanding in ages after. Thus the spiritual world-life proclaimed by the prophet and grasped by faith mainly hitherto, is soon, we think, to be revealed by the scientist, to become the reality of the understanding.

W. A. CRAM.

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### THE SECRET.

WHAT was it, in that old time that I know,  
Which made the world with inner beauty glow,  
Now a vain show?

Still dance the shadows on the grass at play,  
Still move the clouds like great, calm thoughts away,  
Nor haste, nor stay.

But I have lost that breath within the gale,  
That light to which the daylight was a veil,  
The starshine pale.

Still all the summer with its songs is filled,  
But that delicious undertone they held —  
Why is it stilled?

Once I took heart that I would find again  
The voices that had long in silence lain,  
Nor live in vain.

I stood at noonday in the hollow wind,  
Listened at midnight, straining heart and mind  
If I might find !

But all in vain I sought, at eve and morn,  
On sunny seas, in dripping woods forlorn,  
Till tired and worn.

Then I took up a humble implement  
And down into the world's bright garden went,  
On labor bent.

And as I worked at weed and root in glee,  
Now humming and now whistling cheerily,  
It came to me.

The secret of the glory that was fled,  
Shone like a sweep of sun all overhead,  
And something said, —

"The blessing came because it was not sought ;  
There was no care if thou wert blest or not :  
The beauty and the wonder all thy thought, —  
Thyself forgot."

## LEAVEN AND LAW.

### REGARDING MORALITY AND TEMPERANCE.

THE sage but hopeless announcement of the ancient Archimedes, that, give him a place whereon to rest his lever, and he would lift the world, is very like the promises of social revolutions by zealous reformists, *provided* the social structure would only admit a fulcrum for the lever of their magnificent theories.

The history of mankind, at least since the science of thought found birth, presents a grand succession of social empirics, seeking some accessible point where to insert the probe of a new idea; a numerous army of pioneers, always endeavoring to fell the sturdy forests of error, and to make straight the path of enlightenment. Each epoch has had its leading spirits; and, if the "march of intellect" and morals has led humanity in one "eternal circle," as some aver, nevertheless, men have felicitated themselves upon an increased splendor in equipage, and an augmented celerity in maneuver.

Certain problems in the realm of intellectual exploration seem co-ordinate in importance, but equal in difficulty. Hence, questions of real or imaginary moment are ever being discussed, determined by vote, enforced by inquisitions, while still remaining beyond the reach of actual solution.

The same is true of political problems. From the time when men entered what may, in strictness, be called the political state, there has been incessant warfare between tyranny and freedom, the two grand powers out of whose antagonism have been engendered all other political struggles. The ancient world has given a history of these two contending elements, revealing the instability of human nature and the disappointment of Liberty in offering herself to the championship of pusillanimous men. Nor has the goddess as yet been appeased. The conflict is still waged throughout the world.

True, the social difficulties may seem, at a casual glance, more capable of solution. But so long as man is human he will be a creature of erratic tendencies. While he has passions he will be a sinner. While he has diseases he will be debilitate. While he retains his *will* he will assert himself in combat. While inequalities in power remain there will be disparities in position.

Thus the social problems are as inevitable and perplexed as the political and the intellectual ones. It is impossible to avert the effects of causes, or to alter them. Man can no more change the legitimate results of action than he can control the operations of visible nature.

An ancient philosopher inquired what man was unconquerable, and answered his own query thus: "That man is unconquerable who conquers the inevitable." And so it might be asked what community is perfect, and the answer would be, "That community is perfect which has banished the unavoidable imperfect."

Evils, then, are incidental to society. But because inevitable, are men therefore authorized in deserting the field against them? While a community stands in arms to prevent encroachments, every inch of ground *maintained* is an inch *won*. In battle a charge repulsed is sometimes a more signal advantage than a charge made. So, in the moral conflict, manhood triumphs in the check of its enemy.

Moral advantages are not to be marked by boundary lines, nor measured by the surveyor's chain. There is no Turminus presiding over the field of human effort to declare the landmarks of progress. There is no criterion. Agitators may seize the torch of enthusiasm, and kindle the bonfires of enfranchisement; a motley people may gaze on the light, some warmed to sympathy by its rays, others overpowered and blinded by its sudden glare: but whatever the cry of the multitude in response to the shrill clarion-note of the standard bearer, the results of the ensuing struggle are withheld by the hand of Fate behind the curtain of suspense, to be revealed only when the crisis is past. Then posterity looks back and reads the story of progress engraven upon the marbles of time. Sacred tablets! enshrined in

the niches of worthy deeds, and inscribed with words of heroic fire!

Moral struggles, then, are the legitimate manifestations of moral principles. The friction of *evil* removes the incrustation and enhances the lustre of *good*. The opposing blades of *error* are unsheathed to prove the steel of *truth*. The din of *war* sounds the eulogium of *peace*. The heterogeneity of sound evolves the "music of the spheres." Stagnation is disease. Tranquillity is death. Struggle is power. It determines the right *to be*.

The vital issues and stern crises of life are appointed to their purposes and seasons. The night of oppression and war weighs down heavily upon the great bosom of humanity; but anon the sun of reformation and peace penetrates the gloom at its thickest, bringing remedy in its revivifying rays.

Mankind, then, have never real cause to despair. Though depravity is fearfully rife in the race, still the human soul is ever true to its central sun. The influences of heaven are all magnetic to draw men constantly toward the pole of eternal truth. The moral struggle of man is never hopeless, never to be given up. It therefore behoves him not to squander means nor to lose sight of his true object in the vain contest for self-supremacy, but to keep his hands upon the plow whose ever-turning furrow renders the soil of existence light and free for the growth of immortal fruits.

Much hindrance arises from questions of preference. Never are all classes satisfied with the agents and methods employed by the world. The moral fires, all agree, must be kept alive; but all are likewise clamorous in nominating stokers. There is always a tendency to supersede the "powers that be." This may be well, at least it betokens the fertility of men. It is safe to have at hand a new expedient when an old one seems hackneyed.

God has made a covenant with men by which they are warned against deluges in season to build them arks of safety. Though these houses of refuge are made to drift at the mercy of wind and wave, and are liable to demolition through unskillful management, still, such a calamity always leaves us on some



lofty Ararat, whence we may watch complacently the subsidence of the waters beneath. Meanwhile we recover ourselves by the counsels of experience and the beacon of hope, — as the wave-tossed mariner finds his Cynosure when the storms abate, though chart and compass be destroyed.

Yet we are completely humbled in view of our inability to discern and seize the one proper means in a given exigency. We do not "heave together" at the windlass when we would weigh anchor to resume the voyage. The work is hard. Wrangles are engendered which, even when the tug is past, leave us in a state of insubordination. It is these divisions that call in arbiters. The strongest hand prevails. Thus forever "*might*" becomes "*right*."

But men have no ground of complaint regarding the ruling powers. These are the creatures of their own predominating tendencies, the indices of their own characters. In fact, there is no better exponent of a nation than its rulers. "In the order of nature," says Smiles, "the collective character of a nation will as surely find its befitting results in its law and its government as water finds its own level. The noble people will be nobly ruled, and the ignorant and corrupt ignobly." Liberty itself is not a growth of conventions and resolutions. It is as much a moral growth as any phase of a nation's development; it is to be nurtured in the individual life, whence it passes into the collective life. It is the individual self-enfranchisement that secures national liberty. And what is national liberty? Does the phase merely stand for political independence of a foreign yoke, and the power of making decrees not subject to despotical approval? Does it not include the entire moral soundness of a people and point to the very elements of normal life? No true liberty is possible unless it be founded upon universal morality. The fairest political structure would crumble in sombre ruin, unless the foundation were laid deep in the hard-pan of national purity. Then national *liberty* is synonymous with national *virtue*. If this be true, no people can justly reproach their rulers with their moral degeneracy any more than with their political thralldom. Their particular virtues or vices but give themselves voice in their government and laws. National char-

acteristics will assert themselves above the chicanery of usurpers and the blustering of demagogues.

These reflections lead to the practical aspect of reforms. I have largely exonerated government of responsibility for a nation's condition. Hence I cannot make it incumbent upon government to work reforms. It does not lie within its province. Men are ever wild in denouncing rulers, because they do not make themselves subservient to reformists in forcing upon a people novel measures designed for its amelioration. As though a state decree could illumine popular darkness or remove common prejudice! As well make the morning dawn at midnight as change the habits of a people by mandate. Here is where reformists in all ages have been blind and precipitate. Here, too, is just where they have hopelessly failed. Men do not recognize ideas intuitively, but through study and experience. The process is slow. It is like toiling through a wilderness, where all progress is dubious, until some plain landmarks proclaim common assurance.

But in America there are tokens that the leaders have fought through the wilderness and learned the secret of conducting in their footsteps the multitude of their countrymen. They have learned the true method of reform. They have grown indifferent to rulers and legislators, and turned their attention to public education. The enlightened minds of America have organized themselves into an army of home missionaries, to spread the gospel of equal rights for all human beings. The negro is provided for. Woman is next to receive the crown of franchise at the hands of perfect Democracy, and become the incarnate Goddess of Liberty. The laboring man then shall take his stand at the right hand of the capitalist, labor and capital henceforth supporting each other, with their feet planted on the rock of mutual dependence and trust.

Then may come, and not before, a temperance reform. Long have the advocates of temperance stood the brunt of a discouraging conflict. Long has the day of their triumph been delayed. But it will be at hand, when the specious sophistries of *caste* shall have been eradicated; when man and man shall stand together, undistinguished by badges of rank; when man and

woman shall join in sober council for the well-being of their children.

\* Temperance has been a neglected and "lost cause." Amid the exciting issues of political strife men have been prone to overlook this more modest, yet far more important work of beneficence. A few philanthropists have been left in every community to guard the drooping banner of temperance. The field of glory is quickly crowded with impetuous aspirants for fame. The call of Mammon is answered by millions of eager gold worshipers. The circles of fashion are thronged with worthless gayety. But the paths of human need and benevolence are trodden only by the devoted few. In vain want and misery extend their emaciated hands for the Samaritan grasp of human sympathy. Haggard disease and wanton intemperance reel through the thoroughfares of our cities, while disdaining indifference and scoffing pride gather up their self-righteous garments and pass by on the other side.

Can *law* then suffice? Can intemperance be prevented by bridling the dram-seller? You may dam the current of a stream, and check its waters for a time; but sooner or later, if the fountain-head be left in play, it will pour itself down in multiplied directions, inundating your harvest fields. So you may intercept the streams that feed intemperance, and, though you stay for a while the fearful current, yet the headwaters are swelling to rush down with resistless violence upon you in some incautious moment.

It is quite possible that the friends of temperance have erred, in common with other reformers, in looking too expectingly to authoritative sources for their chief sanction and support. But we see how little *law* can do in preventing crime, *unaided by the moral force of the community*. It must be the *leaven* of principle, after all, that will finally work out the evils of society. But this leaven cannot be poured into humanity and made instantly to permeate the whole. Such transformations are never witnessed. The agency must be properly introduced, constantly applied, and always directed to its end.

The leaven must work through a social equality and an active philanthropy. That is, every man and woman must learn to

labor for every other man and woman. The great misery of intemperance falls upon the lower classes. Here, then, is the chief attention of reformers demanded. Though it may be claimed that the primary *cause* of the evil lies with its victims, in submitting to its power, yet who will clear society of all blame? Who will deny that much of the difficulty lies in our social inequalities? Notwithstanding our democratic professions, we are a people composed of Pharisees on the one hand, and publicans and sinners on the other. Many go enveloped in the robe of self-complacency and emblazoned with the phylactery of pretense. What care such for the begrimed plodder, whose only life is the surviving of daily ills? Upon whom do the toil and burden of existence weigh down, unrelieved by the elevating influences of social, intellectual, and moral culture? Upon the drudging poor. Countless thousands of them dwell in moral darkness only less impenetrable than the gloom of their bodily abodes. What relief in the world is there for these creatures to seek but sensual excitement? And what is being done for them? What single institution in this country (excepting the few professedly charitable ones), is doing the first thing for their amelioration? How far does the education given by our universities point toward the moral elevation of mankind, in any direct sense? Selfishness and expediency govern even here, and education is made a means of profit. Here, then, is to be found the capital cause of intemperance,—*in the social degradation of the masses*, and the inordinate selfishness of the aristocracy.

Then if we know the cause, we need not be in suspense as to the remedy of the evil. Give us an aristocracy of philanthropists, and you shall find a nation of sober, moral men and women. No other rank of society is so much bound to look after the interests of the unfortunate as the highest rank. What an era does it mark, when men in a republican country, so broad, so beautiful as ours, where every inhabitant ought to live in sunlight and fragrance,—what an era does it mark, when men in such a land will turn from the imploring cry of unjust poverty and cruel suffering, to multiply the dollars in their coffers and gloat over their hoards! What type of manhood

is that which puts into the scales lucre against human souls, and declares the first more weighty? What blindness is that which renders men oblivious of their imperishable selves through the deceitfulness of riches! The solidarity of the human race is a law unknown or disregarded among us, and untaught in our colleges. When we shall have learned it, every effort that we make for our carnal selves, forgetful of the great brotherhood in which we are only common members, appointed to labor with and for the whole,—every such effort will be counted a heinous crime, and punishment, to which our hardened hearts now present insentient mail, will burn to the secret depths of our souls like the fire of purification.

The generous activity of the affluent in promoting morality would move all the kindly impulses of the moderately wealthy, and stimulate to continuous exertion the poorer classes. Thus the entire mass of our people would become *united* in the vital purposes of life. This unity would turn all the means of improvement to the inward, and reformation would begin at the centre of society, instead of at the circumference, as is the case when independent organizations or laws are left to bear the only hand to the work.

To remove from men temptations by external force is one mode. To give men strength to withstand temptations is another, and the one to be followed. The great means of preventing and of curing vice is to implant in the vicious new impulses, and to lend them new aids. It is to supersede ignorance, bestiality, and servitude with education, aspiration, and self-reliance. It is to impart the regeneration of high moral principle through self-conquest and self-sacrifice. It is to provide for the poor the means of culture. Take a man out of the slough of drudgery, and set him upon the mount of opportunity, with intellectual, moral, and religious influences to attend upon him, and you make of him a new creature. Until you give him this chance, you cannot hope to redeem him from a single vice. All his degradations weigh down upon him together. You cannot remove one unless you undertake the elimination of the whole.

And how are these helps to be set before the poor, unless

through the endeavors of the more fortunate? Above all, how can they be made to take hold upon them, except through the example of the latter? So long as the more favored classes are indifferent to the condition of the degraded, and especially so long as they tolerate among their own circles practices which, in more gross excesses, make the vicious what they are, so long is their example not only unfruitful for good, but positively detrimental to public morals. If they would have a community temperate and moral, let them be temperate and moral themselves. Let them even practice self-denial for the sake of preventing harm among those who would be prostrated by what only exhilarates themselves. "That man is the best friend to temperance, among high and low, whose character and life express calmly and strongly moral energy, self-denial, superiority to the body, superiority to wealth, elevation of sentiment and principle. Such men are the salt of the earth. The might of individual virtue surpasses all other powers. The multiplication of individuals of true force and dignity of mind would be the surest of all omens of the suppression of intemperance in every condition of society."\*

Let, then, the fortunate members of the community bear themselves with special reference to their good influence upon the unfortunate, until there shall no longer exist these marked inequalities, but the people shall become indeed a *community*, enjoying *in common* the blessings of life and the means of happiness.

But the duty of the higher classes does not end with their circumspect demeanor. It is not merely a negative command that is laid upon them. But the positive actions of benevolence are requisite for the fulfillment of their mission. They are to go among the unfortunate with their means and personal sympathies. Thus they can labor *with* them, securing their elevation by actual intercourse. Their physical needs will be provided for, their intellectual advancement procured, and the danger now menacing them at every turn will be removed by the supply of proper means for recreation and innocent

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\* Dr. Channing.

amusement. This course pursued by the improved portion of society would, in time, raise the degraded to the level of the best.

Nor are the needy to expect everything to be accomplished for them. They have much to do for themselves, even should the helping hand be freely extended to them. They must be quick to perceive good examples, and eager to imitate. They must employ every power as it may be newly awakened within them for the consummation of their own salvation. They must prove themselves worthy of the friends who seek their rescue. But they *will* do this. God knows how excusable they are in their present helplessness. But they will never be heedless when they hear the voice of disinterested benevolence calling on them to reclaim their manhood. They will seek a higher assimilation, and they will achieve it.

Then give us first a common impulse. Out of this will be engendered a loftier *morale*. Let the spirit of philanthropy on the one hand, joined to the aspiring purpose on the other, rear the structure of *inward reform*, until the elevated sensibilities of men and women shall become the *final prohibition* of all that would foster iniquity and disgrace; until the *leaven of self-respect* shall transform society into the likeness of Virtue herself. Then will there be a national *standard* of morality, requiring *law* only for its verbal proclamation.

JOHN HERBERT CLIFFORD.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

THE case of the disciples who had "not so much as heard whether there was any Holy Ghost" calls to my mind the story (I hope it is a true one) of a good woman, living in some benighted corner of Long Island, who had not so much as heard that one Jesus of Nazareth had once lived and died upon the earth. But one day the minister came round and told her all about him, all at once, laying particular stress upon his crucifixion, and the cruelty of the Jews in putting him to death. "O sir!" said the good woman, "let us try to think it never happened. I can't believe there was ever anything so wicked." And, so saying, did she not at once prove herself to be as truly Christian as though she had all the creeds and the whole Bible at her fingers' ends. What faith in man was hers! the very faith that Jesus had; so that, though she had never known him after the flesh, she knew him after the spirit, which was a thousand times better. And knowing him after the spirit, what need was there that she should be made perfect in the flesh. Perhaps the minister gave her over to the devil to be tormented when she said, "O sir! let us try to think it never happened." But how much better was her living doubt than his "dead certainty." She had anticipated all that he could teach her, and a great deal more.

A man may not have heard that there is any Holy Spirit, and, for all that, it may bear witness with his spirit that he is a son of God. A man may not have heard of Jesus, and yet may go about, as he did, doing good. But such instances cannot be very frequent in these latter days. And yet the principle remains. The Holy Spirit does not reserve its gracious offices for those who can define it most correctly. It can be felt even when it is not known. Nor is it necessary that to be a true Christian we should arrive at any special definition of the man Jesus. The main thing is to have his spirit; to do his work; to have his faith in men and women; to have his love for all the



world. The main thing is to see the human spark as he saw it in the inhuman ashes of burnt-out, godless lives. And so much being given, it is of comparatively little importance whether we think, with Trinitarians, that he was God, or with old-school Unitarians, that he was neither this nor that, nor God nor man, nor human nor divine, or with the Radical, that he was man, pure man, or with General Hitchcock, author of "Christ the Spirit," that he was a lay figure in the school of the Essenes. The spirit,—the spirit, the life,—the life, is what we want. Shall I say that Schenkel is a better man than Neander because his life of Jesus seems to me to be a hundred times more reasonable? Surely I have no warrant. Here is a book called "The Eclipse of Faith." It is devoted to proving the deity of Christ and the whole circle of beliefs which has that doctrine for its centre. But it has no more of the spirit of Christ in it than the vilest alley in New York, upon the hottest day in August, reeking with filth and blasphemy, has of the dewy freshness of the summer fields, out under the open sky, where birds are singing and mountain brooks are dancing to the sea. And here is General Hitchcock's "Christ the Spirit," which don't believe that such a man as Jesus ever walked the earth (a conclusion which seems to me as easily demolished as that there was never such a man as Abraham Lincoln or George Washington), and yet for all its intellectual absurdity, for all its rashness and inconsequence, his book is so full of the spirit of love and gentleness and good will, that I have no more idea that, if Jesus were here in America, he would reject its author from among his followers than I have he would have changed his first and great commandment so as to make it read for our especial benefit: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy white neighbor as thyself; but thy black neighbor shalt thou cheat and cruelly abuse, because thou art the stronger of the two and canst do so with impunity!" We may not settle in our own minds with exact truth what Jesus was. But we can be true to our own souls, and that truth will prove more saving than all other. We can believe in what Jesus stood for, can push our

life-roots down into the same soil that nourished him so richly. Having done this, the rest will be secure.

"It is easy enough," says Joubert, "to believe in God if we are not asked to define him." The creed which Faust recited as he walked with Margaret in the garden was one that comes home to us all, one that we can all recite without a protest.

"Him who dares name  
And yet proclaim,  
Yes, I believe?  
Who that can feel  
His heart can steal,  
To say: I disbelieve?  
The All-Embracer,  
The All-Sustainer,  
Doth he not embrace, sustain  
Thee, me, himself?  
Lifts not the heaven its dome above?  
Doth not the firm-set earth, beneath us lie?  
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,  
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?  
Nature's impenetrable agencies,  
Are they not all thronging on thy heart and brain,  
Viewless or visible to mortal ken,  
Around thee weaving their mysterious reign?  
Fill thence thy heart, how large so e'er it be,  
And in the feeling when thou 'rt wholly blest,  
Then call it what thou wilt, —  
Bliss! Heart! Love! God!  
I have no name for it, — 'tis feeling all:  
Names are but sound and smoke  
Veiling the glow of heaven."

Alas for that man who can put all his faith in God into a creed or definition; who can tell in words all that he feels of that eternal Something that holds him closer to its bosom than ever mother held her first-born child! Alas for him who, in so many words, can give the sum of his experience of that which he cannot elude or escape; which speaks to him in voices myriad-toned; spells wonderful meanings with flowers and stars; looks to him out of his children's faces; blesses him in the love of parent, wife, and friend! But not to be able to do

this may help you to the name of atheist, or some other name of kindred meaning. But it is, at worst, the atheism of theology: it is not the atheism of religion. The true man cannot rid himself of God. He may rid himself of your definition of him, or mine; but it will be only to come into possession of a faith that is too broad and deep for any definition. The gods of the theologies may perish. The God of the religious heart lives a perennial life.

"That one face does not vanish, rather grows;  
Or decomposes but to recompose;  
Becomes my universe that feels and knows."

Theology is the science, and religion is the art of life. As such they are related to each other as science is always related to art. It is not absolutely necessary that the artist should first be a man of science. Take almost anything for illustration. Here is the art of rhetoric. What a great art it is. But this art is the fulfillment of certain laws. And the sum of these laws constitutes the science of rhetoric. But it is not absolutely necessary in order to practice the art that we should first understand the science. The great masters of rhetoric have been men who knew very little about it as a science. Take the Homeric poems. The art of rhetoric, which is simply the art of expression, here finds an exhibition second to no other. But what did Homer know about the science of rhetoric? And what did Bunyan know about it when he wrote his wondrous allegory? And what did Shakespeare know about it when he was writing play after play and never dreaming of the immortal honors that one day would crown his memory? The poet is born, not made; and so too is the artist, in whatever sphere. The logician is born, not made. The painter is born, not made. How many of the world's great painters have been masters of the science of color and the science of form? There is a science and there is an art of physiology. But to practice well the art, I sometimes think it is best to be ignorant of the science. At any rate, the most healthy man is not necessarily the man who knows most about the laws of health. And it seems to me the sickest persons I have ever known have been

those who fancied themselves well because they gave their whole mind to their health, as the fop did to his neck-tie. Nature must not be tampered with. Good religion goes on as naturally in a man's soul as good digestion in his body. And the religious man may be as ignorant of theology as the healthy man of physiology, and for all that be none the less a religious man. Religion is God's life in the soul, just as the coursing sap is God's life in the tree. Consider the lilies how they grow! They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. They do not understand the laws of growth, and yet they grow. How fragrant are their blossoms! The apple-tree knows nothing of the laws of growth. And yet, how green its leaves, its fruit how red and golden!

The exact sciences are exceptions to this rule. They must precede the exact arts. The mechanical sciences must precede the mechanical arts. But theology is not an exact science. Religion is not an exact art. Theology is not a mechanical science. Religion is not a mechanical art. But they have been made so, both of them. I would like to know if any machine that you ever saw — any snow-plow, or dredging-machine, or derrick, any horse-rake, or mowing-machine, or steam-engine — was any more mechanical than the so-called science of theology as it is taught in a great many of our churches, or the so-called religion that is based upon this science. Religion ought to be a walk through open fields, over great hill-tops, where God's winds have freest play. But it is made a beaten track running along the deadest levels of the world, and the soul is held down to it forever and eternally, and has not even the freedom which railroad managers of this country so generally accord to the trains upon their roads, viz., to every now and then go through a bridge or leap over an embankment. Nothing of this sort. There are two tracks, one running straight to heaven and the other straight to somewhere else. No way stations. Lest this illustration should seem unfair and harsh, be it known that it is taken bodily from a tract which was left at my door two or three weeks ago, a tract which contained other illustrations of God's dealings as much more horrible than this as you can possibly imagine.

But again, every science has been preceded by a superstition, dealing in some wild way with facts that later fall into their places and walk in ordered ranks of harmony and law. Before the science of astronomy came the superstition of astrology. Before the science of chemistry came the superstition of alchemy. Before physiology and pathology came the superstitions of witchcraft, demoniacal possession, and the like; before the science of geology, the superstition of a hell situated somewhere in the bowels of the earth. Thus far theology has been a superstition fit only to be classed with alchemy and demonology and astrology; but the hour cometh and now is when it shall be a science worthy of the name, and as such fit to take up its abode with its great sisters, astronomy, geology, chemistry, physiology, and the rest of that great company. But we must go back to first principles. We must be content to crawl before we walk, and to walk before we run, and to run before we fly. It is characteristic of all superstition to travel on "the high, *a priori* road," and, not finding any obvious explanation of the facts in hand, to pitch upon the wildest possible hypothesis which seems reasonable, only because it is so remote from human observation that it is impossible to say it yea or nay. So spiritism, coming upon certain phenomena hard to solve at once, immediately hits upon the most unlikely theory imaginable, and imagines itself impregnable because, forsooth, it cannot be disproved. But no more can it be proved. It is utterly beyond the limits of the knowable. But science begins with things known and works out slowly and cautiously into the unknown and argues from it to the known. Such has been thus far the method of theology. Thank heaven it is passing away! Theology is taking to heart the lessons of the inductive method in philosophy. It is coming down from the clouds and walking among men. It is coming to the excellent conclusion that it must know a great deal more about man before it can presume to know much of anything about God; that it must know the limits of the natural before talking of the supernatural, and that it must be very careful lest in speaking of the supernatural it should speak of the super-divine, or else be in the unfortunate condition of certain people spoken of in the Bible, who were

without God *in the world*; and if we must be without God anywhere, it had better be somewhere else than here where we so sorely need him every hour and minute of the day.

But when a true science of theology has been established in place of that false superstition which is now so widespread and malignant, it will not be synonymous with religion any more than it is now. It may be the best of all her handmaids, instead of the arch foe and stumbling-block it has been so long. It will be easier to live well when we have a philosophy of life that is sweet and wholesome; when we have juster ideas of God and man than we have now; when Jesus and the Bible rise—for rising, and not falling, it will be—into their true place of honor in the great temple of the soul. But let us never forget that life is better than philosophy; that love is better than knowledge; that we cannot put God off with beautiful ideas when he demands the fruits of holy living. Let us never forget that religion is not a very lovely song soothing to slumber and delicious dreams, but a stern trumpet-blast sounding in our ears and saying, “Now it is high time to awake out of sleep;” or, rather, that it is the awaking out of sleep ere it is yet day, and going with right manful courage to our daily tasks with hearts brimful of helpfulness and love. It is not that which awakens. It is the being wide awake and active; always on the alert; always ready with the answer to God’s calling: “Here am I.” And so, if any of us are feeling, as perhaps we have a right to feel, that juster, sweeter, more invigorating and consoling views of God and man, and life and death, and the great future than the world has ever known before have come to us, God grant we may not think that we have answered the requirements of religion when we have entertained these angels consciously or unawares. But let us put our creed into our deed; put it into our joy and sorrow; put it into our work and play; put it into our business, into our study, into our homes. For better would it be not to have heard that there is any Holy Spirit, and yet listen to its silent admonitions; better never to have heard of Jesus, and yet have his enthusiasm for the right; better, too, with all our searching not to find out God, and yet to act as if the world were solid to the core, than while having attained to the most beauti-

ful ideas about all these things to think that, having done this, we have done enough. Better the life of Parker joined with Calvin's creed, if such a thing were possible, than Parker's creed with Calvin's life of meanness and prevarication. But joy to him who marries fairest creed with bravest deed. What children shall be born beneath his roof; what joy and peace too deep for any words! Let us then seek truth and pursue it with a will. But whether we succeed in our pursuit or fail, let us at any rate order our lives according to the glorious patterns we have seen upon the mountain-tops of honor, purity, and love.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

### A PRESENT HEAVEN.

OUR seasons pass with half their wealth  
O'ergrown and lost in doubts and fears,  
With their most sacred hopes delayed  
To be fulfilled beyond the years.

Not thus should our ideals wait  
A triumph undefined and dim,  
Since here or there, in every sphere,  
Angels or men, we dwell with Him.

We dwell with Him when we receive  
The light and love that from Him shine,  
Discerning in each gale that blows  
A breath of harmony divine.

Among the dusty weeds of earth  
The flowers of heaven shall spring and grow  
For all who watch with single eye  
His service and his gifts to know.

Oh! not in future worlds alone  
The fair eternal life is won;  
The present moment, rightly spent,  
Shows the immortal here begun.

## A•SERMON OF YOUTH.

BY THE LATE EVERETT FINLEY.

MOTION and rest, progress and conservatism, youth and age,—these are the spirits that keep the perpetual balance of the world. The one lives in hope and expectation, the other in memory and the present realization. Youth is aggressive, looking forward to a new world to be taken and rescued from the control of old custom and routine; age desires stability and repose, and finds its chief employment in defending its possessions against the demands and assaults of the vigilant hosts of besiegers. The one party would repose securely in “a land where it is always afternoon;” the other would explore and conquer and possess the land of perpetual morning. The one is the dissolving, blustering, and flowering spring-time, calling the world to awake to new life and joy and beauty; the other is autumn, caring only to hoard and secure its fruits as a security against the winter. The one is the world's present; the other is the world's aim and aspiration.

These two spirits nowhere dwell singly and alone; but, with varying predominance of power and authority, they have taken joint possession of each individual, to divide his service and allegiance.

Both these influences are doubtless beneficial and necessary. The world might be driven at a dangerous and disastrous speed if it were entirely given up to the control of the party of progress; and it might be lulled and coddled into everlasting slumber if freely surrendered into the arms of conservative age and established respectability. But between the two the average is securely kept, and humanity gets on, each generation leaving the world somewhat better than it received it from the past; while the destiny of the race is being slowly wrought out by the Power that controls all issues and all parties.

Doubtless the vast moving train needs brakemen as well as engineers; but as all the powers of friction and gravity are set



against progress, and as there is neither hope nor danger that there can be a failure in the number or zeal of these who are devoted to retardation, it will not be necessary to recommend the order of conservatism, or to call for any addition to its strength. But justice and propriety still demand that it shall have full credit for its real merit and service, and that it shall be acknowledged as a fit and necessary part in the order and arrangement of the world.

As youth represents growth and improvement, while age stands for custom and routine, it is more agreeable to contemplate the former than the latter; for the flowering of a new and higher hope is capable of bestowing greater satisfaction than the possession of an old and decaying treasure. But all things are good for those who know their best use; and it is possible to weave silken robes for the moral and spiritual adornment of humanity from these cocoons of custom and tradition wherein so many good and respectable people have enveloped their lives.

Youth, that is, the always young, progressive, and inquiring spirit, shall be the subject of this discourse; but it shall be youth with no special reference to the number of years one may have lived.

It is a very uncertain method to reckon one's age by the number of years he has lived. Some are born old, and time only tends to dry and harden them into spiritual and intellectual fossils or mummies. Others are newly born each day into a higher life and aspiration of youth; and they fulfill the beautiful thought of the Hebrew, renewing their youth. A man or woman may be very young at eighty, or very old at twenty. It is the prevailing character and disposition that decide whether one is old or young. There are persons who handsomely illustrate the statement of Swedenborg concerning the angels, that in growing old they are continually growing younger. And who would be willing to accept heaven except on the condition of possessing a perennial youth that is constantly growing more youthful?

There is a second childhood which is not held in very high esteem, because it is generally vapid and childish to a very uncomfortable degree; but there is also a second youth which is

more beautiful than the first. This advanced state of youth pertains to the spirit, while the first state pertains more to the blooming freshness and vigor of the body. It has appeared to me that some of the youngest people I have ever met were advanced beyond sixty or seventy years. They had entered into the youthful immortality of the spirit. While sharing in all the youthful aims and aspirations of life, they had outgrown the immaturity and misdirection of those who are young in years.

To live a truly religious and spiritual life will tend to renew the youth from day to day. If you feel that you are growing old in spirit, — if you feel that you are getting out of sympathy and good-fellowship with whatever is youthful, progressive, and aspiring in the world, — then you are indeed growing old, and it does not much signify whether you have lived one score or four score years.

Age, when it seizes upon the real spirit and life to dry up the youthful hopes and sympathies, is the greatest of evils; age that expands, refines, and renews the interior person is a source of perennial joy and beauty.

There are truths and ideas that always impart to their possessors the feeling of youthful immortality. The spirit remains forever young if it can preserve a pure devotion to wisdom and justice. As a man advances in years, he must feel, if his life has been in the main well spent, that he is also in many important respects advancing into that life which can take no account of years. He gains some experience and insight of a youth that is more youthful than that which he has lived in the past; and as this experience and insight grow within him, his wrinkles and gray hairs and decaying body will have no power to cheat him into a retrospective despondency and mistrust; but with joy and serenity he will still confide in the spirit which is forever making all things new.

The old are proper objects of pity, whether their years have been many or few. To believe that the world has long ago passed the meridian of its light and prosperity, and that all its future course is to be a descent into greater darkness and poverty, suggests a spirit that is sadly out of harmony and sympa-

thy with the constitution and tendency of the world ; and that is the spirit which indicates old age.

The best representative of the youthful spirit is science, which makes each new achievement the starting-point for another and greater advance. Through inquiry and classification it advances in all directions to more definite and comprehensive generalizations ; but it proceeds with the certain assurance that there will never come a time when it can no longer have new worlds to explore and conquer. It recognizes its own achievements as only the preparation and collection of material for the vast superstructure which it shall build in the future. All its work is preparation for higher work still unaccomplished. Science rejoices in perpetual youth, knowing that a glorious past is its assurance for a still more glorious future. It lives and flourishes in a boundless hope and expectation.

But it is not so with religion as embodied in creeds and institutions. That is the representative of conservative age. It would cling to some snag in the eddy rather than embark bravely upon the vast and flowing stream of events, and when compelled to advance it persists in going backwards, with no eye or relish save for the scenes and objects that have been passed. It dreams of a golden age in the past, and knows the present only as a sad and heavy reality. But as religion is continually being compelled onward to new positions in advance of the old, through the influence of science and the general progress of the human mind, it too is preparing to enter the life of perennial youth, where all advancement is made in the spirit of hopeful inquiry, and each success is the dawning of higher victory. It is only in this spirit that religion can triumphantly bless and save the world. It shall forget its fear and trembling to enter upon a career of victorious enterprise. It shall prove its divine origin by a continual renewing of its freshness, vigor, and beauty, as all divine things must. The future will no doubt establish a perfect harmony and reconciliation between science and religion, so that the two shall be recognized as one in their origin and aim.

Science is classified experience and organized common sense

applied to progress and affairs ; and religion is the same adapted to morality and the spiritual life. And it is only in their union and cordial sympathy that the highest character and success of either can be accomplished. For either to renounce the other is like renouncing its own proper life. 'Tis only by abandoning itself to the freest investigation and inquiry that religion can enter upon its proper and youthful career.

The mind of man is to be trusted most when it is most searching and active. Truth is safest where there is the largest amount of unconstrained mental activity combined with moral integrity.

Religion is a system of spiritual bondage and an emblem of some old age to the extent that it discourages freedom of thought and general progress. Its best life must have the glow of the spring morning and be charged with a hope and enterprise that shall know the past and present only as the prophets and forerunners of a better and happier future. Let religion be founded upon the moral law and the grand order of the universe ; and, in complete sympathy and co-operation with science, let it heartily enter into all worthy affairs and progressive enterprises : then it shall grow forever more youthful, and its power to benefit and exalt humanity shall be unlimited. In looking forward and advancing it shall perceive that Eden and the dear angels are no longer confined to the past ; but that with sweetest persuasion they are inviting to nobler effort and progression in the future.

The world's youth is represented in all the philanthropic and other efforts and movements which tend to make the world better. 'Tis represented in the improving tone and design of literature, in the growing spirit of toleration, in the general progress towards freedom and self-government, and in the advancing supremacy of intelligence and justice.

And if these be some of the proper signs of youth, then the world does continue to grow more youthful as it grows older.

All great and noble accomplishments proceed from the youthful spirit. To enjoy the present Holy Spirit one must not adore too carefully the ghost of a dead past. The true life shall be lived in the present and for the future. The true faith gives the

assurance that the world is now blooming and advancing towards a divine fruitage; and it is the saddest unbelief to look back with mourning and lamentation as if the system were sterile and lapsing into decay. Men do not toil and sweat to acquire fortunes to bequeath to dotards who are tottering upon the brink of the grave; and it is impossible to bestow any high fortune upon the world unless there is felt the confidence that the world is young and capable of improving and advancing upon its inheritance. The true saviours are assisting to exalt the world into a higher and more abounding life, while their enemies are calling upon the sexton to give it a decent and genteel burial.

It is only the young that are capable of bestowing any great and lasting service upon mankind. The great benefactors cease to be such as soon as they cease to live in the hope and expectation of youth. Many a flaming reformer loses his zeal through what he considers the sobering influence of a riper wisdom, when it is nothing more than the obscuring shadows of an age that should have been warded off by the youthful endeavors and aspirations of his spirit. And men praise the subdued light of the lamp, little heeding that the change is for lack of oil to feed the flame.

A great deal that passes current for superior wisdom and prudence is only a drying up of the spiritual joints and marrow. True wisdom remains forever young, and it shall shed its lustre of youthful glory upon its possessor. In life there is no higher victory than to attain to perpetual youth.

Age can never conquer those who retain the hopes and aspirations which properly belong to the soul; but, in spite of years and decaying faculties and the failure of their bodies, they may know a life that is superior to the changing fortunes of time. It should be our constant aim and purpose never to grow old, never to lose our love and sympathy for all that is youthful and aspiring in the world. There is enough to tempt us into a retrospective despondency; but the universe is still before us for our instruction and delight, and the light of the soul may grow more serene and beautiful with the advancing years. Even here it is possible to conquer time and enter into life

eternal. Love makes anew this throbbing heart and we are never old.

There are those whose youth is conquered by the trials and treacheries of life. The meanness and trickery of the world fill them with sadness and disappointment. They may have started with large hopes and noble expectations: but in the hard journey with false and grasping companions the shadows of age have overtaken them; they have become soured and selfish; and it seems now as if there was nothing else to be done but to seize and appropriate, as if life were nothing better than a grab-game, with no future beyond the grave. If they are not entirely overcome and reduced to despair, they may come to put all their faith in tact, while all their desires are centred upon gross material success. These are they who have failed through moral victory to renew their youth. Failing through their own fault or misfortune to overcome the world, the world has overcome them, and all their life and service is of a low and menial sort. 'Tis inexpressibly sad to see the hosts who have surrendered the high hopes and aspirations of youth to the greed and selfishness of the world.

But there are some who perpetuate and exalt their youth by growing constantly more sweet and serene and self-possessed through all the bitterness and disappointments of their experience. There is no meanness or fraud that can destroy their faith in the essential goodness of human nature, and no apparent triumph of disorder and wrong that can shake their confidence in the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Providence. They have learned, —

"That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

They have kept the soul in the ascendant; and to the soul belongs eternal youth. Having chosen virtue and wisdom, their spirits are clothed in the bloom and immortality of virtue and wisdom. They triumph over age and decay because they have chosen to live in those spiritual ideas which are the renewing life and perpetual spring-time of the world. Growing younger as they advance in years, their hopes enlarge, their aims and

purposes transcend all the boundaries of time, and with an increasing knowledge and insight of the laws and destiny of the world, they perceive that nothing but a progressive and youthful immortality can fulfill the proper requirements of their nature.

There can be no solid proof of immortality except it be found in the life and experience of the soul itself. How can we hope to be immortal unless we feel that we are immortal now? There is no need of immortality to perpetuate our little earthly hopes and expectations. Only the divine, eternal life can prove worthy of being prolonged into infinite duration.

The tree stands rooted in the soil; but its growth and strength and beauty are mainly derived from the atmosphere and light which array the creation in unfailing loveliness and delight. And man, while planted in the soil of time and sense, receives his highest life and only worthy assurance of immortality from the light and vigor that descend without measure from the Infinite Source of truth and love.

To the youthful, aspiring spirit will come the inevitable assurance of an endless life with the whole universe for its joy and possession. We should endeavor to confirm ourselves in the conscious conviction of immortal life by cherishing designs that require immortality for their accomplishment. The pursuit of virtue and truth will furnish scope for an endless progress; and if our spirits remain fresh and youthful, there can be no end to the victory and joy that shall crown our endeavors. A life of goodness and sincerity, in sympathy with all the progressive tendencies of the world, is the beginning of immortality; and such a life we should now endeavor to live. It is largely in our own power to determine whether added years shall reduce our spirits to a state of despondent decrepitude or promote us to the ranks of eternal youth. We may outgrow our distrust and despondency, and, putting on a cheerful confidence in the improving life and energy of the world, go forward as behooves those who have a boundless inheritance that awaits only the will and the purpose to possess it.

But if any have failed to preserve the youthful ascendancy of the soul, to such it remains to be said, Be not discouraged. It is

possible to expect too much fruit from this life, which is merely a seed-time. Be not discouraged, — you may in the future be introduced to a clime and society more favorable for renewing and perpetuating your youth.

Still may it be our constant prayer and endeavor that we may never grow old, but that we may enter more and more into the youth and immortality of wisdom and virtue and truth.

And may I not here, in conclusion, address a word especially to those who are still young in years? For you there is a special mission which those more advanced in years have already passed; and you and the world will be the worse for it if your part is not well and worthily performed.

Now is the time to lay the foundations of a moral character which may endure through all the future ages. 'Tis a time to plant yourselves upon the very foundations of the world, that you may be able to survive all the shocks of temptation and disaster. Perhaps the world has never so abounded in opportunity for achieving true success in character and performance as at the present hour; and the temptation equally abounds to squander youth and the vigor of middle age upon low and selfish pursuits. The road to heroic character and accomplishment is never easy; for, if it were easy, it would not be heroic. But in these times of show and extravagance, how important it is that young men and young women should dare to illustrate in their own persons the beauty and heroism of a simple and unpretending life! And now, when all the world is struggling up into a larger freedom and a clearer light, shall we, the young, who have the world still before us, be content except we are making daily progress out of the ignorance and prejudices, the faults and wrong habits, that cripple and bind us?

I shall not presume to name the special services which you, the young men and women, may be supposed to owe to the society and institutions that surround you. I would leave you entirely to your own light and freedom to decide upon your own special duties, privileges, and opportunities. But I would have you feel how much you are needed, and how much you may contribute here to the cause of progress and the true life.



## LIFE'S EVENING.

I FAIN would rest while through the sunset arches  
The evening shade  
Falls softly on the many weary marches  
That I have made.

Yet as the tide-wave to celestial forces  
Rolls ever on,  
So by the love that shapes our human courses  
My steps are drawn.

Oh! I was in an ecstasy of wonder  
When morning came,  
With all the heaven of purple earth lay under,  
And golden flame.

And yet I murmured not that primal beauty  
Should vanish soon,  
But welcomed the sublimer birth of duty  
That came with noon.

And now, soul-trustful in the meanings taught me  
Of shade and light,  
I thank thee, Father, that thy love hath brought me  
To see the night.

Into the folded wonder of a blossom  
I looked at dawn,  
And on the star-bright velvet of its bosom  
God's name was drawn.

And on the rose-leaf's veined interlacing,  
On wing of bird,  
On crystal sea and sky, I spelled the tracing, —  
The One Great Word.

## The Radical.

And later, when the gloriole of beauty  
Had fled the noon,  
And love had set the trumpet-notes of duty  
To perfect tune.

When life was one with faith, and earnest labor  
Was one with prayer,  
And the tired soul had bravely learned to neighbor  
With vexing care, —

I joyed to find the Name had yet a nearer  
And dearer part  
In life than Nature, — graven full and clearer  
Upon the heart.

And when the way grew terrible with torrent  
And tempest gleam,  
Then brighter shone that universal warrant  
Of Love Supreme.

And night's dread glory, calmly comprehended,  
Is still the same ;  
The awful order of the heavens suspended  
Reveals the Name.

O Grand Impress ! proclaiming earth and nature  
A sacred shrine,  
And yielding science the majestic stature  
Of Truth divine.

Life is not then defeat, but triumph rather ;  
Not poor nor small ;  
But infinitely rich, since Thou, my Father,  
Art All in All.

Then pass in peace, my soul : though earth recedeth,  
Heaven orbs the way,  
And the starred shadow of the night precedeth  
Life's larger day.

## THE HIGHER SELF.

“BUT,” said one of a group discussing the best mode of reaching the moral sensibilities of the uneducated poor, “but when one gets down to the lowest class, — the class who have no sense of right and wrong?”

Said her interlocutor, “That is an impossibility; for there is no such class. It is one of the ‘cant’ prejudices of society that such a class has ever been supposed to exist. I believe there never *was* an individual who was destitute of the sense of right and wrong!”

This theory, viewed in its practical application to society, seems at once most hopeless and most hopeful in its aspects. For the truth of the statement it needs but a brief, earnest consideration — better still, even the slightest personal observation — to confirm.

The child bred and reared in this ideal “lowest class,” with no other visible moral guide in its wretched home than the harsh word or ready blow, as apt, alas! to be provoked by want of success in the knavery as lack of principle in the intent, is yet not destitute, in its forlorn, neglected little path, of a guiding sense. True it may learn — what wonder in such an atmosphere? — to glory in its own cunning and sharp-wittedness in deceit; but this feeling is a violence done to its own higher nature, — an aftergrowth of sensation quite supplementary to the guilty sense that still lurks beneath the surface.

The older learner in the school of moral degradation, the victim, “more sinned against than sinning,” with the terrible offset of his or her deprivations in life to balance with the account of the crime or weakness, will yet never plead for a moment the blamelessness of the act.

The murderer in Dickens’ story is haunted by something more than the dread of jails and gallows, — the phantoms of his own guilty conscience, calling to him till he turns in desperation to fly from himself!

The truth is, we all come into the world with equal chances so far as this: no one is thrown wholly upon himself, or left to struggle without a warning voice, stifled though it be. No one is so miserable, no one so degraded or deserted, but there is a God within him.

Does this certainty make the aspect of society to-day only the more discouraging? In view of the revolting annals of crime, the crowded prisons and penitentiaries, the heart-sickening wickedness in the world, is this idea but a darker touch to a dark picture? Would it be better to think it a blindness of nature rather than of will? Asked in this way, one might be almost tempted for a moment to answer, "Yes,"—yet who would deliberately say so? As in all cases, the question has two sides. Is incapacity more hopeful than perversion? Is "original sin"—supposing such a thing for a moment to exist—a more cheering belief than abuse of a higher nature? With all its dark background of facts as they exist, is not this faith in a universal sense of right and wrong the very most hopeful thing there is on earth? "Give me a fulcrum for my lever, and I will move the world!"

"Suppose we had never had the Bible,—what then?" I once heard some one say.

"What then? Why, we should have had very little or no religion," was the answer.

Very little, certainly, of the religion that forms creeds, frames theologies, dogmatizes, and distributes tracts; very little, perhaps, of the advanced systems of philosophy, the refined ethics that, however unevangelical in their claims, yet draw their inspiration, more or less, from the Bible: less, I am sure, of the fervor of faith that has been fostered and fed, for so many generations, on the familiar and beautiful words. But is that all there is of religion, and with the doing away of the Bible would all be done away? No: there is a species of religion, a stirring and ennobling power, which may yet find its way into unaccustomed hearts through this one loop-hole of the sense of right and wrong, choked with rank growth though it be. In homes where the Bible is a sealed book, in hearts where the conventional language of religion is a dead letter, there will

always be, as there has always been, this pervading sense of a higher power, this recognition of a mightier voice, this consciousness of an all-observing eye, though it may be realized only with a shrinking of dread. I know there will always be this moral perception, blind, intuitive, — unheeded, perhaps, still *there*, a chance, though not a certainty, of salvation! It is the one faint glimmer of hope towards which, one may direct an appeal to the higher nature. It is the one grain of leaven which may yet leaven the whole lump!

So much the worse for the man, do we say, reflecting on crime perpetrated in defiance of conscience? So much the worse that he has a conscience? So much the worse that God speaks to his children, however unheeded? So much the worse that God is omnipresent in every heart alike?

And does this only make the backslidings of the world the more deplorable, do we say? Does the crime but grow blacker from its nearness and its contrast to the divine image? Would it be more cheering sometimes to think of man as a mere animal, following blindly his own instincts and passions? Can any one think so? Are there not mistakes, reverses, distortions, evil, all through this world of ours? Who says that sorrows do not come to the righteous, and undeserved prosperity to the sinning? Who says temptations do not lie in wait for us, — pitfalls yawn at our feet? Who says that there are not fearful odds against some people from the very hour of their birth, and who denies that nine-tenths of these accept the odds, with barely a struggle against them, as their life-destiny? Who says the world is all right?

Yet who will dare say for that that God is to be blamed? Who will dare say that our frustrations, manifold though they may be, are any flaw in his perfect plan? Above all, who will see in this all-pervading moral sense anything but the strongest token of his unerring love and care for each one of us? Shall we turn into a reproach against our weaker brethren what he would have a most powerful instrument in our hands to aid them? While we waste words in dispute about the nature of the Deity, shall we ignore his nearness to us? While we quarrel about the name we give him, shall we be blind to the fact

that he is in the midst of us? What is conscience but the strongest revelation of the unseen God, who needs none of our revealing, so plainly does he speak to and from every heart!

MARY G. DARLING.

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### NEGATIVE AND POSITIVE.

WE have in New England many forms of religion, which include many differences of detail more or less important. Substantially, however, these various modes of faith are reducible to two, one of which is prominently characterized by negation or limitation, a conspicuous persistence in the *denial* of certain things. These two parties, the negative and the positive, will agree in certain general propositions, as, that God is a perfect Being, a Father in the best sense of that term to the human race, always ready to hear and answer their requests, always intent upon doing them good, and perfect in justice, mercy, omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence. In these general affirmations both parties agree. But as soon as either of them is analyzed and examined in detail, the two parties separate like oil and water, and take diametrically opposite sides in regard to each specification. It may be instructive to look at one of these general propositions, admitted equally in the gross by both parties, and notice the points at which negative and positive separate from each other.

God is "our Heavenly Father."

Being our Father, and all-powerful, God must be supposed, must he not, to have secured the permanent welfare of every human being?

"Stop," says the party of negation or limitation, "you are leaving out of view the power and the malice of Satan."

"Satan — who is he?"

"He is the prince of the power of the air, whose constant effort is to ruin and destroy men."

"But, even supposing the existence of Satan, the goodness of God will surely prevail against his malice, and bless those whom he would curse."

"No," says the party of denial. "Vast numbers of men have been, and vast numbers more will be, utterly corrupted and ruined, in spite of God's goodness."

"But the power of God will surely rescue all, sooner or later."

"No," says the party of denial. "God's power will not prevent these myriads of his creatures from suffering eternally in Satan's abode and under his administration."

"But must not the all-powerful good *necessarily* interfere with the less powerful wicked?"

"Not at all," says the negative party, "since God himself has not only permitted Satan, but established hell, with the intention of sending men to dwell there eternally."

"But you began by admitting God to be 'our Father,' the loving Father of every human being."

"Ye-es, in a certain sense. But to some of them he is a consuming fire."

"What, is he not compassionate and helpful to *all* the creatures he has made?"

"Yes, for the present, — during the time of probation, while the lamp holds out to burn," — says the party of limitation.

"But will he not *always* be thus compassionate and helpful to all?"

"No: of vast numbers it is certain that he will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh."

"But he will surely prove the reality of his unlimited power and goodness by *ultimately* rescuing these victims of Satan."

"No: he will voluntarily leave them in hell forever."

"But the desire, purpose, and action of perfect good must of necessity always oppose the desire, purpose, and action of perfect evil."

"Not at all. God will join with Satan to torment the victims of the latter to all eternity."

Think of it. According to the doctrine of the negative party, God, after the life of the body has ceased, will treat the souls of a certain proportion of mankind just as Satan would wish him to treat them, forever and ever. He will be, thenceforth, the enemy of those souls in the same manner, and to the same extent, as Satan is! Acceptance of the doctrine of the negative party forces us to the monstrous conclusion that, with regard to a large portion of the human race, the Perfection of Good will throughout eternity hold the same attitude, feel the same desires, and use the same methods, as the embodiment of evil!

How comes a doctrine so absurd and monstrous to be accepted by anybody? What ground is alleged for thinking ill of the Heavenly Father to this extent?

We find the answer to this question in the books and tracts published by the negative party; the publications, for instance, of the "American Tract Society."

Their one sole reason for upholding a theory so shocking to humanity and repugnant to piety is, that it is so written in a certain book.

This book contains just such internal evidence of human authorship as other books do; and external evidence to the same effect is asserted and published by the very people in question, who tell us by what men, and in what ages and nations, the several parts of it were written. Nevertheless, these people think it indispensable to maintain a theory which has been traditionally handed down to them, — that the book in question, although written by men, is also written by God. Indeed, one of their common titles of it is, "The Word of God."

It would seem a sufficient refutation of this theory to point out that different portions of the book in question differ irreconcilably in the views they give of God himself, some representing him as infinite in wisdom and perfect in goodness, while others attribute to him various deficiencies and imperfections, and others still represent endless sin and misery to a large portion of mankind to be the final result of his creation of them. It would seem one of the plainest dictates of reason that God would not belie himself; and plain also that depreciation of him



must necessarily, to that extent, discredit the book in which it appears.

But the people of whom I am speaking, the party of denial and limitation, far from admitting this testimony of reason, combat it by discrediting reason itself, calling it "carnal reason," and reproaching their opponents for applying to this subject, as to other subjects, a power which God obviously gave for human guidance. Thus the singular phenomenon is presented of a class of serious and earnest men and women insisting so strongly on the maintenance of their theory about a certain book as to renounce, for its sake, one of God's most precious gifts, to insist on endless evil and suffering as one of the results of the divine administration, and to represent God himself as ultimately joining with Satan to perpetuate sin and misery in the case of uncounted millions of human beings!

The doctrine of reason is that a good God must have made all his creatures for ultimate good; never, in a single case, for ultimate evil.

The party of limitation say that sin has compelled God, who opposes Satan in this world, to help him keep possession of men in the world to come.

The doctrine of reason is that God, the good and the all-powerful, will not suffer either sin or Satan to get the better of him; but will have resources enough, in some stage of existence, to persuade every human being to the choice and practice of good instead of evil—a triumph worthy of God.

The party of limitation say, that, delightful as it would be to have every soul ultimately choose holiness and forsake sin, their theory about the book prevents them from admitting that Perfect Goodness and Wisdom and Power *will* accomplish such a result.

The doctrine of reason is that the character of God and the welfare of men are worth more than a theory which is at variance with both.

But how comes a mere theory to be judged weighty enough to establish such conclusions?

The answer to this is one of the strangest things in the whole matter. The church people stick to this theory because the

maintenance of it has become a church custom. People of old time, presumed to have been wise and good, *said* it was so ; and their descendants, for a long series of generations, have kept on saying it ; and this traditional public opinion has become so confirmed by repetition, that it is now thought dangerous and wicked even to express a doubt of the truth of that theory. And yet the men who sacrifice both divine goodness and human welfare to the maintenance of this hereditary belief are hard on the old Pharisees because they "followed the *traditions of the elders*"!

C. K. WHIPPLE.

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### YANKEE CHURCH MUSIC.

THE history of Yankee music has been marked by two curious controversies separated by nearly a century ; one raged about 1720, the other about 1805. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, they brought with them Ainsworth's version of the Psalms, which was not relinquished finally till 1692. Indeed, when a new collection or version, called the Bay Psalm-book, was made, it met with sturdy opposition from the determined Puritans, who wanted to have all things just as they always had been. But whatever psalms they sang, they sang them, the historian tells us, "with decorum, if not ability," and their laudable intentions were manifested by their cultivation of music at Harvard College. But this excellence soon declined : many books were lost and none others obtained, and music was neglected, until at last three or four tunes constituted the *repertoire* of most congregations, and these were so corrupted that no two persons sang them alike. Every melody was "tortured and twisted" (embellished?) "as every unskillful throat saw fit,"

until their psalms were uttered in a medley of confused and disorderly noises, rather than in a decorous song. The Rev. Mr. Walter says of their singing, that it sounded "like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time;" and so little attention was paid to time, that they were often one or two words apart, producing noises "so hideous and disorderly as is bad beyond expression." The manner of singing had also become so tedious and drawling, that the same author says, "I myself have twice in one note paused to take breath."

To remedy this state of things, it was proposed about the year 1729, by some daring innovators, that the people should learn to sing by note. Then followed the conflict before mentioned. Surely singing by note, said the fathers, can be nothing else than a device of the devil. "Truly," says a writer in "The New-England Chronicle," in 1723, "Truly, I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by note, the next thing will be to pray by rule, preach by rule; and then comes popery." When a man learned to read notes so as to sing a melody he had never learned, many of the astonished people considered him a witch. The controversy raged furiously and gave rise to curious arguments and "cases of conscience." The virtuous contemnners of notes objected to the readings of music, —

"1. That it was a new way, — an unknown tongue."

"2. That it was not so melodious as the usual way."

"3. That there were so many tunes, one could never learn them."

"4. That the new way made disturbance in churches, grieved good men, exasperated them and caused them to behave disorderly."

"5. That it was popish."

"6. That it would introduce instruments."

"7. That the names of the notes were blasphemous."

"8. That it was needless, the old way being good enough."

"9. That it was only a contrivance to get money."

"10. That it required too much time to learn it, made the young disorderly, and kept them from the proper influence of the family, &c., &c."

With great solemnity it was discussed, —

"Whether it was proper for one to sing, and all the rest to join only in spirit, and saying Amen, or for the whole congregation to sing. Whether *women* as well as men, or men alone, should sing. Whether pagans (the unconverted) be permitted to sing with us, or church-members alone. Also, whether it be lawful to sing psalms in metre devised by man, or whether it be lawful to read the psalm to be sung; and whether proper to learn new tunes which were uninspired; for it appears that they had so long been accustomed to hear and sing the same tunes, that they had imbibed the idea that the tunes were inspired, and that man's melody was only a vain show of art."

So great was the excitement and so bitter the animosity of the controversy, that many clergymen wrote treatises to set things right, and Dr. Cotton Mather circulated a "Pacificatory Letter," pouring oil on the waters, but decidedly favoring the reformation. The reformers were finally successful: notes came into use, and the horrified fathers were not carried up the chimneys on broomsticks as the consequence.

About half a century after the controversy concerning singing by note, American music first made its appearance in the person of William Billings. He introduced and composed the peculiar fugue jingles which characterize the Yankee church music. Billings was a Boston boy, born in 1747; he was a tanner by trade and labored in a building situated in Eliot Street. He is said to have written his first tunes with chalk on the walls of the tannery. The peculiar music which he introduced, and in which many followed him, was a right lusty way of singing praise; and that is about all that can be said for it. Billings used to roar his own tunes with such stentorian power that Dr. Peirce of Brookline, who had a loud organ of his own, used to say that when he sang by Billings' side he could not hear his own voice. Finally a more refined taste began to revive, and the "Old Hundred" singers, as they were called, began to manifest themselves. These were persons who advocated returning to the old tunes of former days and to others like them. Then followed the second controversy before-mentioned, about 1805, which was waged stoutly between the Old Hundred singers and the adherents of the Billings school.

Finally, though not without excitement and struggle, the Yankee music came to the ground.

"In some places, at the commencement of the change of music, singers in towns and churches were so equally divided that the struggle was long and tedious to decide which should carry on the singing in the church where neither party, in fact, were strong enough to sustain it acceptably; so they had to compromise, and in some instances sing alternately their favorite tunes on the Sabbath. But the effect of this was sad: each would sing from his own book with energy, while the opposers would sing with indifference, and destroy the effect. This state of things could not prevail long, for a house divided against itself cannot stand."

Various morals may be deduced from the whole story. One is, "How will *our* present controversies look A. D. 1970? Another is, The Yankee music is very well *in its place*. Another is, *Ne quid nimis*, nothing too much. Whereupon I will stop.

J. VILA BLAKE.

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## THE FREE WORKER.

**H**E the will of God was doing,  
Though he paused not in pursuing  
Any task his heart could love  
To confess, "*He* reigns above."

Followed laws, and they were shining,  
Every cloud with silver lining;  
Heard no voice censorian say,  
"'Tis my will: my son, obey!"

Heaven's will brooded o'er him never  
His will from delight to sever:  
He a free man 'fore the throne  
Wrought the work as 'twere his own.

## VOICES OF THE NEW TIME.

TRANSLATED BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

### II.

THE desire and purpose of the soul distracted by external things, and often turned back upon itself, become concentrated in a holy act of devotion and are embodied in prayer, so as to give them a firmer hold. The changeable turns itself towards the unchanging, and gains fresh strength in the contemplation. Whether this inmost concentration of the thoughts is expressed in fleeting words, or is written down, it matters not. It is a living embodiment of feeling and perception, a clinging of the finite spirit to the Infinite, which is God.

The Emperor Joseph II., on what occasion we are not informed, wrote out with his own hand the following prayer: "Eternal, incomprehensible Being! Thou art Tolerance and Love: thy sun shines upon Atheist and Christian: thy rain waters the fields of the unbelieving as well as of the believing, and the germ of every virtue is also in the heart of the heathen and the heretic. Thou teachest me, then, O Eternal Being! tolerance and love. Thou teachest me that difference of opinions does not withhold thee from being a beneficent Father to all human beings. And I, thy creature, am I to be less tolerant than thou art? Am I not to suffer that every one of my subjects should pray to thee in his own way? Am I to persecute those who think differently from me, and to convert the erring with the sword? No, O Thou Almighty One, who dost encompass all with thy love, may this be far from thy creature! I will be like thee, so far as one created can be like his Creator, — I will be tolerant as thou art! From this time forth may all constraint of conscience be removed from my dominions. Where is there a religion which does not teach that virtue is to be loved, and vice to be avoided? Let each then be tolerated by me. Every one prays to thee, Eternal Being, in the way that seems best to him. Do mistakes of the understanding deserve banishment from the community? Is severity the means to win conviction, and to convert the erring? Henceforth may the disgraceful chains of intolerance be rent asunder forever! And, instead of them, may the sweet bond of toleration and brotherly love be forever knit together. I know that I shall have many obstacles to overcome, and that they will come for the most

part from those who call themselves thy priests. Let then thy strength leave me not! Uphold me with thy love, Eternal, Unexplainable Being! so that I may be able to conquer every difficulty, and that the law of our Divine Teacher, which is mercy and love, may be fulfilled through me. Amen and amen!" — *Berthold Auerbach*.

By the side of every manger in which a saviour, a world-delivering idea, sees the light, there stands an ox quietly eating his fodder. — *Heinrich Heine's Posthumous Works*.

Grander than all the pyramids, than the Himalayas, than all forests and seas, is the human heart; it is more splendid than the sun, the moon, and all the stars which beam and burst forth into light; it is infinite in its love, infinite as the Godhead itself. — *Ib.*

My dearest and best believer in an extra-mundane personality, I beseech you most earnestly, do think seriously on what L. [Lessing] has said to you, and fortify your system with some better defenses. If a person is not called upon to make a *salto mortale*, a fatal leap, why need he do it? And we certainly need not make it; for we are here in creation on level ground. The first false assumption in your system is this, that God, as the great essence of all being, as the eternally producing cause of all manifestations and existences, is a zero, an abstract conception, such as we make in our own minds. But such he is not according to Spinoza: he is the most real, most living of all living activities, the one who alone says to himself, "I am that I am, and that I shall be in all the changes of my manifestation." These changes are no change in him, but are differences of position and state in the manifestations in regard to each other. The philosophy of real being, then, does not begin from the denial of the maxim, *ex nihilo nil fit*, but from the eternal axiom, *quid quid est, illud est*, "whatever is, is." It is just this conception of being that Spinoza has so fruitfully unfolded, and, as it seems to me, has rightfully placed above all individual notions and modes of conception, as well as above the limitations of existence in space. What you good people want with your "existence outside of the world" I cannot imagine. If God does not exist *in* the world, *everywhere* in the world, and indeed everywhere wholly and indivisibly, then he exists nowhere. A limited personality is little suitable to an infinite being; for with us the person becomes such only by a limitation: it is a mode of manifestation, an aggregate of powers that give the delusive appearance of a unit. There is no such illusory limitation in God. He is the most living one in all things, but not as if they

were something outside of him. He is through all things which have a sensuous appearance only to creatures of sense. The figurative expression "soul of the world" is defective, like all figurative expressions; for the world is not God's body. •There is not to him, as to us, the distinction between a coarse body and a finer soul. Had we such a clear conception of soul and body as God has, then the body would not appear as coarse matter exterior to and separate from the soul; but the body would be the soul manifesting itself in various relations, and in such ways as it could in the sensuous sphere. The soul would then be the "one and all," which it never can become, however far it may advance. I would gladly enlarge on this topic, but space and time, those two *modes* of all limited existences, fail me. — *A letter from Goethe, probably written to Jacobi, and now published for the first time at Jena.*

Humanity cannot be without religion. For the infinite which encompasses us behind and before, which we can as little grasp with our thoughts as with our hands, but in which we can still perceive everywhere laws and an organic unfolding that awaken within us the sweetest astonishment, — this infinite inclines us to religion, that is, to reverence, modesty, gratitude, and trust towards the great Unnamable who has formed this organic whole and established these laws. The rule of right within our breasts binds us yet more firmly to him; for it is his rule, — it is the law of the moral universe. — *Herder.*

Universal, natural religion needs no special act of belief; for the conviction that a great, producing, ordering, and guiding Being is concealed behind nature to make itself comprehensible to us, forces itself in upon each one of us. And even when we have occasionally let go this thread which leads us through life, we are able immediately and everywhere to take hold of it again. It does not make us free to be unwilling to acknowledge nothing above us, but we are free so far as we do honor something higher than ourselves. For whilst we reverence, we show clearly that we ourselves have within us that higher, and that we may become like it. — *Goethe.*

It seems to me that natural religion is just as clear and perceptible to the unperverted and unmisdirected human understanding, is just as incontrovertible and evident, as an axiom in geometry. Whatever trouble we may take to philosophize God out of the world, he will still come into our very systems made to exclude him, and he will always appear under one form or another. — *Maurer.*



"I believe in a God." This is a good and worthy thing to say; but to acknowledge God just how and where he reveals himself,—this is the one rare bliss on earth. — *Goethe*.

I know God only in time, through mind and senses, and I can think nothing where there is no object presented for thought. God reveals, shows himself in earth, color, form, heart-beat of joy or pain, and he has opened to me this consciousness: I worship and adore all of nature that is known by me, and I find nothing depraved except a low, narrow, hypocritical view. — *Rahel*.

God, it is said, created all, and then rested. But at every instant new bodies, new souls, new creations, new organizations come into being: is this all done through subordinate powers, officials, and demi-urges? People think that they honor God when they thus ascribe to him a condition of rest; just as a retiring pension is given and one is allowed to recline upon his bed of ease in his old age. — *Fr. V. Raumer*.

As the very cause of every external cure there is a process of internal cure going on, an activity of the organic life for the change of abnormal into normal conditions, and it is this alone which makes any cure possible. This is true of all diseases without exception. No one doubts of it in regard to so-called physical operations. Every surgeon grants that it is not he who heals a broken leg or a wound, but that it is the power of nature or life which cures and restores by its wonderful processes of exudation, suppuration, sloughing off of dead matter and reproduction of new, and that he has only to remove hindrances, and to take care that these processes may be uninterrupted and regularly carried on. And it is just the same with all diseases and with all sicknesses, where the processes which go on are invisible, the only difference being that we cannot witness these changes of casting out the old and the dead, and of assimilation and production of new and healthy activities. It is true of chronic as well as of acute diseases. We not only see slight irregularities and diseases, but even the severest, cured without the help of art. Even where a specific poison has been taken into the system, nature does her work and effects a cure. This inner, vital, curative power shows itself most clearly in those wonderful and surprising changes which it alone produces, in those crises, metastases, which often at once remove or change entirely the character of a long-standing disease which has resisted all the means and appliances of medical treatment. The patient whom in the evening we believed

doomed to death has during the night a copious sweat, and we find him in the morning out of all danger. In some violent, inflammatory disease, which we found it impossible to subdue with all our remedies, there suddenly breaks out some external abscess, and the disease is removed. And the crowning proof of nature's healing power is her victory over the different, often entirely opposite, and most irrational methods of attempting a cure.

And this is the real meaning of that grand word "crisis," which is so full of mystery as it strikes upon our ears, coming down to us from the hoary ancient world. By this is not meant the mere change, the critical moment of alteration, the externally favorable symptoms, but the process of internal recuperation, that inward effort and work of the assimilating, separating, creating, and renewing energy of nature which is the sole productive means, the fundamental reason of those outward manifestations: in fact, this is the real meaning of the word, and this is the way in which it has been used by all physicians who have been true to nature, and who have not been blinded by some partial theory or system of the schools, and have looked at nature with any but a superficial glance. — *Hufeland*.

Friedrich Schlegel was a man of deep thought; he recognized all the splendor of the past, and realized all the agonies of the present. But he did not comprehend the saving potency of these agonies, and their necessity for the good of the coming time. He saw the sun go down, and gazed sadly at the place of his departure, and mourned over the darkness of the night which he saw approaching. He once called the historical investigator "an inverted prophet." And this expression suits his own case. The present was hateful to him, the future terrified him, and only in the past which he loved availed his prophetic insight. In the pains of our time he did not see the agonizing throes of a new birth; and from this torture he took refuge in the tottering ruins of the Catholic Church. This was the most fitting place for his state of mind. — *H. Heine*.

Herder did not sit as a literary grand inquisitor in the judgment-seat, to condemn or absolve the different nations according to the absence or presence of belief. No: he regarded the whole of humanity as a mighty harp in the hands of the great Master, and each people seemed to him a particular string of this vast harp, "which trembled into thought" as over it swept the one divine breeze. He perceived the universal harmony of the various notes. — *Ib*.

## NOTES.

THE RADICAL CLUB, of Boston, has been the occasion of a number of thoughtful essays during the past year. For the benefit of such as are unable to attend these gatherings, we will say that most of the papers there read are likely to get published in one form or another in due course of time. And others equally good, written by the same authors, are constantly appearing in the pages of THE RADICAL.

The conversation which follows the reading of the essay is often lively and spicy, but seldom of great importance. The speakers rarely do themselves justice, and most of them seem to have had their running fire at nearly all the topics introduced, and have lately, for the most part, been repeating themselves. Yet there are always some new people in attendance, and frequently things take an unexpected turn and make a pleasing variety for all. But that any real progress in thought is secured by the conversation is not likely the case. The essay itself, however, is usually a sufficient reward. So it may be said with the two, — essay and conversation, — profit and pleasure are combined.

At a recent meeting of the Club, complaint was made because the discussion so invariably avoided the main point of the essay, and took up some side issue, usually fixing attention on the merits of Christ and Christianity. We wholly approve of this criticism. It would be far wiser to let the "lowly Nazarene" and the "Christian Church" suffer neglect than thus to introduce them "both in season and out of season." It would seem sometimes as if the spirit of Paul so possessed the entire age that it also is determined to "know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified." However fine this was in Paul, eighteen hundred years ago, there is now something of impropriety in putting so great a stress on one event, — at least, the thing can be overdone.

But what is singular in the present instance is, that those who are most forward in protesting against the course the discussion takes are quite as apt to lead astray in that direction as others — betrayed into so doing by the overmastering desire to prove that everything good *did* come out of Nazareth. One speaks of the nature of religion, of its

universal characteristics, and lo! one of the "apologists" is straight-way up, prepared to interpret Christianity into the same likeness; another arises and puts the "Sermon on the Mount" into modern speech which shall cover the entire ground of all present need; and now another loudly proclaims Jesus Christ to be "infinite quantity." And so the tedious length of "apology" drags itself along, winding in and out of every conceivable nook or corner of the conversation.

We are therefore glad of any recognition of this infelicity coming from whatever quarter. When Christ is the theme, regard him; when the church is up, discuss that; but when attention is directed towards other topics of equal importance, let those more familiar ones rest. Besides, of what special significance is it that the good ideas and deeds of the present age be dubbed "Christian"? Are they not what they are in and of themselves? No referring them back to Jesus improves them. No special claim for any church or sect is of consequence. Does Jones think every good thing the sun shines on is "Christian"? Why, it is proper that he should if it affords him any real pleasure. But others may as properly be excused from taking the same degree of interest in the mere name.

WE were once acquainted in a family where the question for a time was what name to give the colt. The lady of the house objected to its being called after the "old horse," then lately deceased. But the man—for the sake of "old lang syne"—would have no other name. "Turk" it *should* be. The dispute happily came to an end after a season by the discovery that the little boy had all along been calling his pet "Bonny." The colt would answer to that name better than to any other.

MRS. LIVERMORE delivered recently a fine address on the subject of "Woman Suffrage," in Dr. Clarke's "Church of the Disciples." Her presence had nearly as much to do with convincing her audience of the propriety of giving their "rights" to women as her arguments. She seemed a person no less *called* to the office of a public instructor than did Dr. Clarke, who was present to conduct the preliminary exercises.

REV. JESSE JONES believes that Jesus Christ came upon this earth, suffered, was crucified, and rose again, to give the ballot to women. We wonder if Mr. Jones also believes that Jesus came to give shoes and stockings to little children who haven't any.

WHAT value have principles unless one's hero can be shown in some way either to have originated or anticipated them?

MRS. LIVERMORE endorses the declaration of Rev. Jesse Jones, because she finds the idea of suffrage for women in the golden rule. Christ commanded all people to do as they would be done by. Therefore he taught the principle which gives the ballot to women. But suppose there are conscientious men who imagine if they were women that they would never desire to mix themselves up in politics. If this be a supposable case, then such men would order their conduct in harmony with Christ's rule by refusing to encourage women to enter political life. We do not say this as opposing the right of woman to the ballot. But we think Mrs. Livermore's argument far-fetched, and without due significance when it has arrived. Her fine discourses would be still improved if she rested the debate on its own merits. Introducing matter so foreign and irrelevant but weakens her efforts with the thinking public. It is the vice of all reforms that there is a tendency in them to carry their special ends by whatever means. This is contrary to the genius of a true republicanism. We do not gain in the long run by taking advantage of or encouraging popular prejudices. It is a sort of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," when Peter is as needy as Paul. Educate the people up into the real merits of the cause, rather than buy their consent with concessions to their ignorance.

MR. VALANDIGHAM has joined the women's movement. Some of the women object to his company. But "universal suffrage" is universal suffrage. The women must make up their minds to "rough it" as the men do. Votes only are to be counted, not character. Beggars are not rightly choosers. Politics are politics. Women can't change the law thereof!

WOULD it not be more agreeable to the women themselves if, at the conclusion of their public efforts, ardent male devotees of their cause would not stand ready to exclaim, "Why, it is wonderful! You surpass us men entirely"? Listening to some extravagance of the sort, — well-meant, we doubt not, and heartfelt, — a friend reports that he was sorely tempted to spoil a line of Shakespeare, and exclaim, —

"O wonderful mothers, to bear such stupid sons!"

Would it have been an ill service had he done so?

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN is the lion of the hour in Liberal periodicals, conferences, and conventions. He comes from India to England, and is to visit America, we believe. Without doubt he is a man of genius, and worthy of regard. But he has a solemn and painful task before him if he runs the gauntlet of all the Liberal milk-and-water. Mr. Sen is a Theist—as bad, or worse, than Parker or Johnson. But he is on the road—thinks the good Saxon Christian of every persuasion—to the pure waters of life, leaving the Heathenism of his own native land behind him. The cry is, “He is coming over to US!” A fine thing, Mr. Sen, for you to do! Come on: we Christians are a privileged and fortunate set. You will gradually lose your crude Theism as you near our shore, and we will introduce you to our Christ. That will be enough. You can die then. The Universe has nothing more to offer!

“THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN” talks about “Unitarian Work in Australia,” and says that “the Rev. James Pillars, the Unitarian minister at Sidney, has just issued the first number of a paper called ‘The Free-Religious Press.’” Rev. Francis E. Abbot issues weekly a paper that might as well be called “The Free-Religious Press” as “The Index.” So it seems that the same thing in Sydney is “Unitarian” and excellent which in Toledo is a heresy of a flagrant sort. Forever is it true that “distance lends enchantment,” &c. — Under the head of this “&c.” a very instructive moral essay might be penned. Perhaps Mr. Abbot will improve upon our suggestion.

WHY not have our infallible Pope as well as our infallible Bible? Would it not, indeed, be an improvement? One infallible utterance would answer our purpose, and even serve us better than the few dozen the Bible encloses.

It strikes many Protestant minds as exceedingly absurd for a council of fallible men to undertake to determine what infallibility is. But is it more absurd than for these same Protestants to affirm so stoutly that a certain collection of books is infallible? How do *they* know — *fallible men that they are?*

It is understood that the character or ability of the man in the chair of St. Peter has nothing to do with his being infallible. It is the *Office*, and not the man, that will report the will of God.

MR. SANBORN'S plea for longer terms of sentence for criminals takes on the spirit of humanity, because he desires not to punish, but opportunity to effect reforms. Instead of discharging unfortunate men and women while they are yet apprentices in the better life, he urges the retention of them until they can be restored to society as journeymen. It would indeed be a great gain to all concerned if the spirit of this suggestion controlled the ministrations of "justice" in civilized countries. It is a question, in fact, whether there can be a civilization where it is absent. Every community is more or less responsible for the crime it chronicles. The criminals are for the most part the scapegoats of its own poor virtue. Perhaps this is why there is so much wrath, and so little pity. Yet the reverse should be true. God alone has any *right* to be "angry with sinners." Wrath that is not born of love makes matters worse and not better. In the end it shows no justifying result.

THE FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY at Florence publishes a yearly report of progress, and takes not a little just pride therein, as the following paragraph from this year's statement shows:—

The impartial and generous hospitality of our platform calls down upon us the maledictions of the bigoted and superstitious. They cannot conceive how fair play can be consistent with a religious association. Whatever place in the religious world may be assigned to *this* organization, we think there can be no question as to the position of some of our assailants. We respect a church whose leading influences are on the side of right, freedom and progress; but we believe there are many which have a "name to live and are dead." Such throw obstacles in the way of free thought and human advancement; baptize slave-holding as divine; uphold caste; oppose the emancipation of men and the enfranchisement of women; and yet, self-complacently style themselves churches of God, and defiantly declare that the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. We answer,— True; the gates of hell will not, but *we believe* the gates of *Heaven* will.

It will be remembered that this society supplies its own desk half of the time, and is not at all backward in listening respectfully even to orthodox heresy when a clergyman of that persuasion can be persuaded to appear.

"THE NEW-YORK HERALD" furnishes every Monday morning extended reports of all the doings in all the churches of that city. The editorial comments are very suggestive. We know that it is the "Dev-

il's work," to borrow an orthodox phrase, but then it is the Money Devil, and he has no objection to truth when it pays, any more than mankind generally have. One thing strikes you forcibly: the unmitigated horror this Devil always has of "free love;" so great is his perturbation, he is often known to confound the "angelic" with the "demonic." Through his horny eye the graces of the angels seem as liberties and license. No word shocks him so much as the word "affinity." He stands for the "bond," and will let no wife escape a brutal husband though her heart break, and the sin of their "union" moaneth. Good Devil that he is, his own virtue shineth as the sun!

THE first annual session of the American Philological Association was held last summer, and a general idea of the proceedings has been given in a "Report." The second session will be held in Rochester, N.Y., commencing on the 26th of July.

"ZION'S HERALD" says, "The Universalist" as it grows orthodox increases in prosperity. We do not doubt this. An exhibition of one of the early Christians and a Christian of to-day would present a striking contrast.

IN the article on "The Character and Power of Judaism" published in the last RADICAL, the writer falls into an error which we desire to correct. We were remiss in duty in not attending to the matter before it went into type. We refer to the statement that there are no societies but the one at Toledo where the ministers use texts drawn from other sources than the Bible. We think that a number of societies may be counted, even within the Unitarian ranks, where such liberty is not questioned. At all events, the writer of the article was ignorant of the common usage of such societies as the Free Churches at Lynn and Florence, and of the Independent societies in Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Leicester, and elsewhere, where the speakers consult their own judgment in the selection of texts, as well as from what books they will read the "Scripture lesson;" and some of them, as we happen to know, dispense with texts altogether.

THIS may be the last number of THE RADICAL we shall be able to publish. Our Subscribers must wait in patience until we are prepared to send them a further word.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE CHINESE CLASSICS. A Translation by James Legge, D. D., of the London Missionary Society. Part I., Confucius. Part 2., Mencius. [Two vols. in one.] New York: Hurd and Houghton.

You may recognize a Bohemian settlement in Iowa, it is said, by the poppies that nod their scarlet heads around every cabin, reared from seeds which the emigrants have brought with them. By way of being hospitable to the coming Chinese, the editor of these volumes is resolved on sowing Confucianism in advance. This editor is Mr. Z. Baker, of the Worcester (Mass.) Public Library, and this fine volume is understood to be the first fruits of a second crop, the previous sowing having been on stony ground.

It is well done of Mr. Baker. There is daily an increasing interest in what Max Müller calls "comparative mythology," and there is no non-Christian religion which is just now brought so close to us as are the various creeds of the Chinese. All students know the valuable labors of Dr. Legge. This handsome volume reproduces the first and second volumes of his "Chinese Classics," and the rest are to come in time. The American edition is an exact reprint, with the omission of the Chinese text and the substitution of a new preface for that of the original translator. This is hardly fair. If a scholar spends years of his life in translating a difficult author, he certainly has a right to speak his own mind in an introduction. Perhaps the American who reprints a book so substantial, at his own risk and for the translator's benefit, has a fair claim to be heard also, but certainly not to the exclusion of his principal. If Mr. Baker wished to suppress Dr. Legge's observations, he should at least have withheld his own. If he was bent on criticising Dr. Legge, he should at least have given us the whole of the statement criticised.

But for all this the new edition is a great boon, and this translation must henceforward take the place of the French version of Pauthier, the only one hitherto convenient of access. It is enriched, too, by copious indices, giving reference to every imaginable doctrine or non-doctrine. These are peculiarly needed in dealing with Confucius, whose work is not so much a body of divinity as a thoroughly articulated skeleton, with all the flesh and blood carefully removed. Never was a creed so bony and so beneficent. It affords the osseous remains of all the sublimest virtues; and though they are presented in a way to bruise your fingers, you feel their solid authenticity all the more. You do not blame the plesiosaurus for appearing in public without his garment of flesh. It is a becoming arrangement, at his time of life. It is only in your recent formations, the Cardiff Giants of neology, that hardness and nudity become offensive. A philosophy twenty-five centuries old

may very properly take off its flesh and sit in its bones, as Sidney Smith recommended.

The present volume contains what Pauthier translated under the name of "*Les Quatre Livres Sacres.*" Three of these preserve the wisdom of Confucius, and one that of his disciple Mencius. Of the Confucian books, one only, "The Great Learning," includes anything professedly written by the sage, and even this contains but two pages of text, the rest being commentary. The "Analects" and the "Doctrine of the Mean" are compilations or table-talk, made up from the reminiscences of disciples, and therefore fragmentary, disconnected, and unequal, though full of weighty matters. Confucius was evidently one of the condensers of thought, and toiled, like Joubert, in the effort to get a book into an essay, an essay into a sentence, and a sentence into a word. Indeed, he frequently sets the art of speech as low as His Excellency President Grant holds it. "The Master said, 'I would prefer not speaking.' Tse-kung said, 'If you, Master, do not speak, what have we, your disciples, to record?' The Master said, 'Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced, but does Heaven say anything?' " Yet, when he pronounced it to be the first thing needful "to rectify names," he showed, that, in his estimation, words were things. In truth, every man defines himself by the names he applies to what is about him.

We have many glimpses, in the "Analects," of what Confucius taught of his own life and career. He lived, and knew that he lived, in a glare of publicity. "I am fortunate!" he once said. "If I have any errors, people are pretty sure to know them." Then he points out some of them. "The Master said, 'In letters I am perhaps equal to other men; but the character of the superior man, carrying out in his conduct what he professes, is what I have not yet attained to.'" And again, "The Master said, 'The sage and the man of perfect virtue, how dare I rank myself with them. It may simply be said of me, that I strive to become such without satiety, and teach others without weariness.'" This is mainly the self-criticism of a moralist, but there is one touch of self-revelation that is much more poetic. "The duke of She asked Tsze-too about Confucius, and Tsze-too did not answer him. The Master said, 'Why did you not say to him, He is simply a man, who, in his eager pursuit of knowledge, forgets his food, who, in the joy of its attainment, forgets his sorrows, and who does not perceive that old age is coming on?'" That is as genial and attractive as any trait of Socrates that Plato or Xenophon has preserved.

Confucius was one of those philosophers who exalt the proprieties and observances of life; he would have bowed low, like Goethe, when the princes passed by, instead of standing upright, like Beethoven. Much of the formality which now rules China is simply the induration and stiffening of courtesies which he elaborately practiced. These books describe him as he stood in court, or himself gave audience to the humble,—how he held the skirts of his robe, how he extended his arms, "like the wings of a bird." We learn

what furs he used ; that he did not wear purple ; that he required his sleeping dress to be half as long again as his body. Also, that he did not dislike to have his rice finely cleaned, nor his minced meat cut quite small ; nor is the fact hid from us that he disliked ginger. But the stress is always laid upon his great sayings, and upon his successes in government, — his favorite pursuit. One thing seems certain, — that the world never misled his moral judgments. "The duke-king of Tsee," he said, "had a thousand teams, each of four horses ; but, on the day of his death, the people did not praise him for a single virtue. Pi-he and Shuh-tse died of hunger, at the foot of the Show-yang mountain, and the people, down to this day, praise them."

He taught benevolence, and his definition of the word was "to love all men." When asked, "Is there one word that may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" he answered, "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not to others." The other celebrated passage, which is translated by Pauthier, with a special asseveration of correctness, "*a avoir la droiture du cœur, et à aimer son prochain comme soi-même*," is translated more vaguely by Legge: "The doctrine of our Master is to be true to the principles of our nature, and the benevolent exercise of them to others, — this, and nothing more."

In the philosophy of Confucius, as in that of Epictetus, the practical predominates, and virtue is recommended for its own sake, rather than for its future rewards. Upon the duty of outward observances, he brings to bear all his "zeal for propriety." Yet he always demands the inner realities of things. "In the ceremonies of mourning, it is better that there be deep sorrow than a minute attention to observances." "Sincerity," he said, "is the way of Heaven." "There is Heaven, — that knows me." "He who offends Heaven has none to whom he can pray."

T. W. H.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE. Twelve Chapters. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1870.

We were about to say, in some respects these "Chapters" furnish the best of Mr. Emerson's writings. But any comparison of his later with his earlier works would be amiss, because it may be said of all he has written, at every stage there is the same stamp of genuineness to be met with. If in these days he has simplified, and, as we would say, — though with every fresh reader of him the saying will be contested, — improved his rhetoric, his first essays were in their way charming, and led into such new and delightful regions of thought, one could not wish them in any way amended. Compared with the early series of essays, we thought "Conduct of Life" a falling off. But in this new volume, in style as in matter, all is compensated for. In his youth he wrote out of his aspiration, his enthusiasm, and the scent of morning, the glow of the awakening soul, is on every page. Now the calm seer writes without adornment or heat. He observes and reports. You do not feel as though he would say to you, "Let us rise, and go, and be beautiful." The lesson is, "See now how this thing is, and go

and do or not do as you shall or can." But all is as it should be. We have the whole of a growing man. This book is a testimony of retained and increasing power, and cannot fail of being a gratification to his now vast company of friends.

Of the Chapters we find most inviting, we will simply mention those on "Civilization," "Books," "Eloquence," "Work and Days." "Eloquence" is itself the *cream* of eloquence, as those who had the pleasure afforded when it was read as a lecture will heartily testify, — yet the tricks of the "orator" were not discoverable. You could not straighten back in your seat and say, "He wants to persuade me and I will not be persuaded:" a captive from the beginning, there is no desire to resist.

Of "Books" much might be said. The list, and the many wise suggestions, make the essay of great value. One recognizes, however, that the author, in common with all men, has his touch of idolatry. But this may also be said: He selects and reverences the best of the gods. He knows the greatest, and commends them without measure. One cannot but notice how he loves to speak of Plato, and to "stand up" for him. All the gods are mortal but Plato!

Our readers must themselves consult the "Twelve Chapters" for any adequate idea of their contents. We cordially recommend to them "Society and Solitude" as *one* of the new books which may be read with advantage before it is "a year old" — the author to the contrary notwithstanding.

S. H. M.

THE CAREER OF THE CHRIST-IDEA IN HISTORY. By Hudson Tuttle, author of "The Career of the God-Idea in History," "Arcana of Nature," &c. Boston: Adams & Co., 25 Bromfield St.

This appears to be an age of the history of ideas. We have histories of civilization, of intellectual development, of rationalism, of morals, of sacerdotal celibacy, and the like. The author of "The Career of the God-Idea in History" has now given us "The Career of the Christ-Idea."

The book opens with a statement of its subject, as follows: —

"The Christ-Idea — that of an incarnate, divine mediator between God and man — is of remote origin. It is the necessity of the belief of savage man in the relations he sustains to the Infinite. It is the culmination of a series of beliefs, growing out of the reception of the doctrine of the inherent sinfulness of matter and purity of spirit, and forms a part of the solution of the vexed problem of the existence of good and evil. Its several parts, formed of gigantic hypotheses, may be thus stated: —

1. God must be perfect, and hence man must have been created perfect.
2. Man is now very imperfect, hence must have fallen.
3. Between man's imperfection and God's perfection, man finiteness and God's infiniteness, there must be a mediator.
4. As man by his fall has committed an infinite sin, only the Infinite can atone for it.
5. Hence the mediator must be the Infinite incarnated, — must be a God-man, partaking of a double nature.

The first chapter is a review of the conditions out of which the Christ-idea has necessarily sprung ; it "is a brief outline of the grand mythology which has shaped the history of the world." The second gives a brief account of the incarnate gods of India, China, Persia, Peru. Vishnu, Buddha, Zoroaster, had already been the objects of divine honors centuries before the advent of Jesus. Our mediator was by no means an original. Like signs and wonders had already attended the conception, birth, and mission of those more ancient God-men. It is one of the standing wonders of the world that so many learned and thinking men can find so much more that is miraculous and awe-inspiring in the history of Jesus than in the history of those earlier mediators. The origin and successes of any Christ are not more a miracle than the power of prejudice : this and the miracles belong to the same category.

The greater part of the volume is devoted to the history of Christ. It is a clear, succinct, and suggestive statement of liberal views on that subject.

On the "ultimate of the Christ-idea," our author says, —

We cannot escape through the sufferings of another. We must pay the violation of the moral, as unfailingly as we do the physical, code. There can be no evasion. Jesus helps us by his example, — that is all he can do for us. We know not the capabilities of our organization. We are beginning the race of eternity. We are like seeds just germinating, buds giving promise of bloom.

The endless succession of sages, philosophers, and scientists reveal to us our own capabilities. The lowest may take the rank of the highest. The friendless and unfortunate, the despised and outcast, may shine the brightest stars in the future time.

Boundless capabilities, infinite progress, are the birthright of the human mind. It does not look without for its redeemer, but within. *Man, if redeemed, must redeem himself. Sin cannot be forgiven, it must be outgrown.*

The author's treatment of the subject is strictly in accordance with the view given of the Christ-idea, in the opening of his first chapter. This facilitates simplification and unity of treatment. But we had to keep thinking all through the volume whether the Christ-idea is not essentially one of wider range ; whether the necessities of the human mind which originated and incarnated gods did not not also originate and maintain other intermediates between man and the inscrutable powers of the unknown, such as ministering angels and guardian spirits.

We could wish that the book were in the hands of every one who is beginning to question the grounds of his religious convictions. It presents much in a small compass ; and, while its language is plain and pointed, it is not such as to give unnecessary offense. We hope it may be of great use to such as are endowed with sufficient spirit to assert the prerogative of rational beings, and think for themselves on religious as on other subjects.

J. S. P.

COSMOLOGY. By George M'Ilvaine Ramsey, M.D. Boston: William White & Co. 1870.

The style of this book is a strange and ridiculous mixture of scientific statements with rhetorical effort. And yet one has hardly the heart to criticize the author's *manner*, after reading his modest and admirably brief preface. He is evidently an earnest seeker for truth, and not an aspirant for book fame. In his introduction he hazards one or two statements which, we fancy, would somewhat startle a psychologist; as, for example, that the faculty of memory results from the combination of the five senses.

He confesses, at the outset, that "All *cosmologists* must in the beginning start without whereon to rest so much as the sole of their foot and make the best of such a foundation." What kind of a *foundation* that is, the reader must judge for himself. He heads his first chapter with a very brief statement of a very great truth, — namely, that the human intellect is "too puny to even attempt a solution of the origin of matter;" and at once sets out to prove that matter is eternal and has no origin, thus solving the difficulty in about the same manner that Alexander untied the gordian knot.

The key of the work is stated to be the "origin of diurnal motion." Having "cleared away the rubbish," i.e., having shown the inconsistency of Newton, Kepler, and La Place, in a chapter which is by far the best in the book, he proceeds to develop his own theory of axial motion. On the whole, this theory is perhaps as wild a flight of fancy — an hypothesis as entirely unsupported by the known laws and properties of matter, as purely a theory — as any ever solemnly offered to the consideration of the public. Never was a weaker keystone fitted into a more flimsy arch. Having, as he says, "almost begged a sun," he brings into the scene an embryo world; whose elements, existing in a semi-fluid, semi-liquid state, possess sufficient cohesive attraction to bind them together in a kind of billowy mass.

Strangely enough, however, this mass is not subject to the law of gravitation (or, as our author himself names it, the "attraction of gravity"), but drifts lazily around the sun. The sun's rays penetrate far into the cloud-like substance, and transform the liquid matter into vapor. This, by a mysterious process, is transferred to the opposite side, and again condensed; where, by its weight, it acts as a lever to roll the mass upon its *centre of gravity*. Just as a weight affixed to the periphery of a wheel turns it upon *its axis*. Thus axial motion is originated. Now any schoolboy of ordinary wit and intelligence will puncture this gorgeous bubble in an instant; for he will tell you, that, under the given circumstances, the least particle of rotatory motion never could have been produced. The author has treated the young world precisely as though it were an immense balance wheel, suspended upon a veritable axis of motion. But the fact is, that it had no more a centre or axis of motion than has a stone. Under these conditions, the irregular mass possesses only a centre of *gravity*. Now weight might be transferred from one side to the other to all eternity: the only result would be that the centre of gravity would constantly shift its place, and the body would maintain its

equilibrium without the slightest tendency to roll either to the one side or the other. Yet this learned M.D. tells us that the mass will roll "upon its centre of gravity to regain its equipoise." As though the centre of gravity remained stationary, no matter what alteration is made in the shape of a body. There are any quantity of vitally weak points in his whole work; but enough has been said to show the degree of scientific acumen and ability which it manifests. Altogether, it is a literary curiosity, and as such derives its only value.

We cannot close more appropriately than by quoting the following gushing apostrophe to America:—

Shall we cross the briny deep, and waft our way to foreign shores? or shall we first explore our own beautiful and more glorious native land? where men grow bravest, and women grow handsomest, and horses fleetest; where the plumage of birds is gayest, and their song sweetest; where rivers are longest, and lakes largest and purest, and steamboats swiftest; where the trees grow biggest, and the waters flow clearest; where the sun shines brightest, and the brain grows finest; where thought delves deepest and soars highest; where the lightning is captured and harnessed; where nature has wrought everything on the grandest scale and most gorgeous pattern,—yes, there let us first for the old poles hunt.

H. N. B.

MY AFFINITY, AND OTHER STORIES. By Lizzie Doten. Boston: Wm. White & Co.

This interesting book opens with the story of a sentimental poet in quest of his "affinity," who, after "sighing to the moon" through the pages of a newspaper, followed by "The Lone Lover's Lament," received a warm response from the fair "Myra." A tender correspondence ensued; they meet "by moonlight alone." After the first long embrace, spiced with kisses, he turns to gaze into the dear eyes which had looked down on him in his dreams, and oh, heavens! she *wore whiskers*. But the "affinity" fever is not cured even by so bitter a dose. He continues his search for his unknown angel.

A well-pictured scene in New York: a child standing on the rail near the Battery, with the arms of her lovely aunt around her, watching a large ship; childish questions full of witchery addressed to him, the apology of the lady, the graceful reply: the child's feet slip, and she falls into the water, from which our affinity-seeker saves her; then the gratitude of aunt and parents, at whose house he becomes a constant visitor, and at last finds in the aunt his affinity, and they are married.

After the first four years he spends his evenings in reading-rooms and oyster-saloons.

Seven children, and lectures on his favorite subject,—added to which his wife had experienced religion,—convince him that he has made a mistake.

Deserting his family, he goes in quest of his affinity again, and proposes to a sensible woman; after enlarging on the science of affinity, he relates all

the circumstances of the case. She refers him to her father, who, being restrained from kicking him down stairs only by the consideration that he is more of a fool than a knave, lays the whole subject before him, and points out the baseness of his conduct.

In shame and penitence he returns, finds his wife raving with the fever, and his children half famished. His love brings her back to life. In the pursuit of duty he finds the gratification of his highest desire, and the scene closes with the true but deserted wife the central star of a happy home.

"Madam Bonnifluer and Her Roses, or the Soul of the Beautiful," possesses an exquisite charm. Its two prominent figures are the nature-loving Violetta, the "Soul of the Beautiful," who, though walking on the earth, is unconscious of its earthy life; the other, "Professor Le Baron Harmony," a noble man of great learning and princely bearing. And yet not more impassable is the gulf between Dives and Lazarus than that between this intuitive child of the spirit and this lord of the understanding. The book contains other interesting stories; and for our hour of pleasure and profit we thank our fair author.

E. P.

WHAT IS JUDAISM? By Rev. Raphael D. C. Lewin. 12mo. pp. 84. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

The only idea of much importance which we have derived from reading this little book in answer to the question, "What is Judaism?" regards the use and purpose of the Mosaic institutions. The author seems to regard them as a "coat of mail" designed to protect and preserve the religious idea, till it was so firmly established and rooted in the minds of men that it—the idea—was able to live without its material covering. In short, the whole Jewish economy of sacrifice, with the Mosaic laws and statutes appointing fasts and festivals, holy seasons and ceremonies, was only a device to keep up the religious spirit, the *esprit du corps* of Judaism. This was the temporal phase which passed away with the destruction of the Temple, and the overthrow of the Jewish state and people as a separate nationality. In its eternal phase, Judaism, we are assured by the learned doctor, is nothing more nor less than religion. [A liberal Christian critic would here write "rationalism," and the evangelical critic, "infidelity."] The sources of our knowledge of Judaism (religion?) are, he says, threefold: reason, nature, and revelation,—meaning, I suppose, the study of the Bible, science, and philosophy. And these three, as Mrs. Cheney observed of art, science, and religion, "are one."

J. S.



